THE BYSTANDER]
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SEPTEMBER 17, 1930
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WAS PRESIDENT HARDING MURDERED?—See Page 569

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The Bystander, September 17, 1930 No. 1396. Vol. CVII

the BYSTANDER

Cigarini

MRS. CLAUDE LEIGH

A new portrait of the beautiful wife of Mr. Claude M. Leigh. Mrs. Leigh, who is well known in Society, is interested in child welfare and social work generally, and her name is to be found on the committees of many charity entertainments

AS BRITISH AS THE FLAG

C.F.H. 401

The Passing Hour

THE BITERS BIT *Central News*

Two of the competitors in the Girls' Open Golf Championship, promoted by "Britannia and Eve," caught by the photographer while snapping some of the other players. Played last week at Stoke Poges, the meeting proved most successful

Central Press

Miss Betty Whitfield (left) and her twin sister, Peggy, who both reached the semi-finals in the Girls' Championship at Stoke Poges. In this round they suffered defeat at the hands of Miss Wilkins and Miss Doran respectively

THE fact that we lost the Westchester Cup last week was a foregone conclusion when Captain George and Aidan Roark went sick. Gerald Balding, who played No. 1, is not up to international standard, and if we could have had either George or Roark we would certainly have won. As it was, Humphrey Guinness deserved all the praise I have showered on him in the past, and Lacey played magnificently too.

The Prince and Polo

AFTER all, the Prince of Wales did not go to see the match, and, after a visit to Balmoral, followed by a visit to *Charlot's Masquerade*, where the chorus girls cheered him as he left the theatre, flew off to make his fourth visit to Le Touquet, where the fine weather seems to be prolonging the season indefinitely.

After the Holidays

IN London the first faint return of the holiday-makers has been making itself felt for the last five days. Lord Sefton was with Lady Louis Mountbatten, who was wearing a similar Vionnet frock to that of another pretty woman, at the Café de Paris the other night. Fortunately, they were sitting at the opposite ends of the room, and as neither danced when the other was on the floor the "double" was not too evident. Lord and Lady Plunket have also been in London, while several celebrated blondes have been seen at the various supper restaurants. One of them is Miss José Larkins, who is said to have been offered £700 for a kiss (at a ship's concert) by a stockbroker. I make no comment.

THE BLOOD SALES AT DONCASTER

Corinne (right) and Mavis Odlum, winners of the first and second prizes respectively in the Children's Pony Class at the Kildare Hunt Horse Show, held on the famous Punchestown race-course. They are the daughters of Mr. Claude Odlum, who is a director of the Bank of Ireland

Lord Beaverbrook's Illness

I AM sorry to hear that Lord Beaverbrook, who has given up racing in favour of yachting, is still suffering from the effects of his ptomaine poisoning. He has been running a small temperature for more than a fortnight now, with the result that his son Max, who is now an excellent golfer, did not take part in the Irish amateur golf championship at Portmarnock for which he had entered.

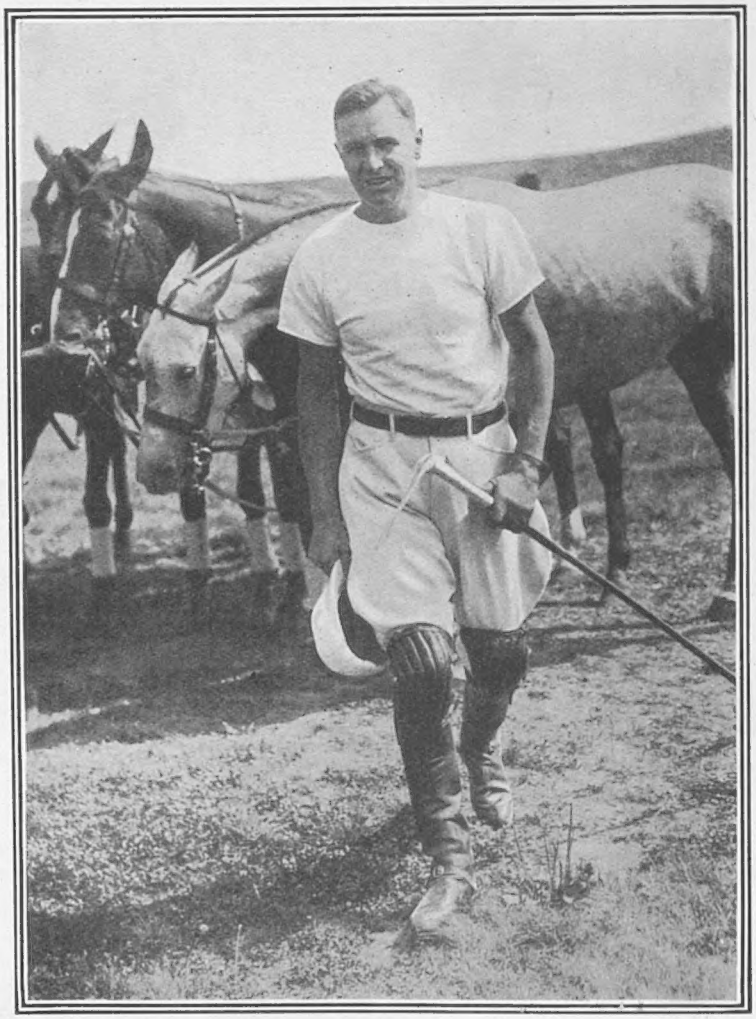
Exit Yachting

THE yachting season is now virtually at an end in this country. It has been a most successful one from every point of view. There have been several newcomers to the sport, and though Cowes had the roughest weather in memory during its Week, it provided some exciting racing. Lord Camrose was perhaps the unluckiest owner. His Cambria, though admirably built, is just two seconds too slow in the mile, and, as far as I have been able to count, has only had two wins in nearly fifty outings.

Shamrock's Chance

IT would not surprise me, therefore, if, supposing Shamrock V does not bring back the America's Cup, Lord Camrose builds a new yacht to take the place of Cambria and challenge Enterprise next year or the year after. In contrast to Lord Camrose, Mr. Patrick Egan, one of his

Mr. S. Wootton, the trainer, seen at the Blood Sales, which are always an important feature of the Doncaster Meeting



Keystone

Mr. "Tommy" Hitchcock, the famous American polo player, and captain of the team. His brilliant play did much to help his team beat Great Britain in the first two international matches by 10 goals to 5 in the first match and by 14 goals to 9 in the second

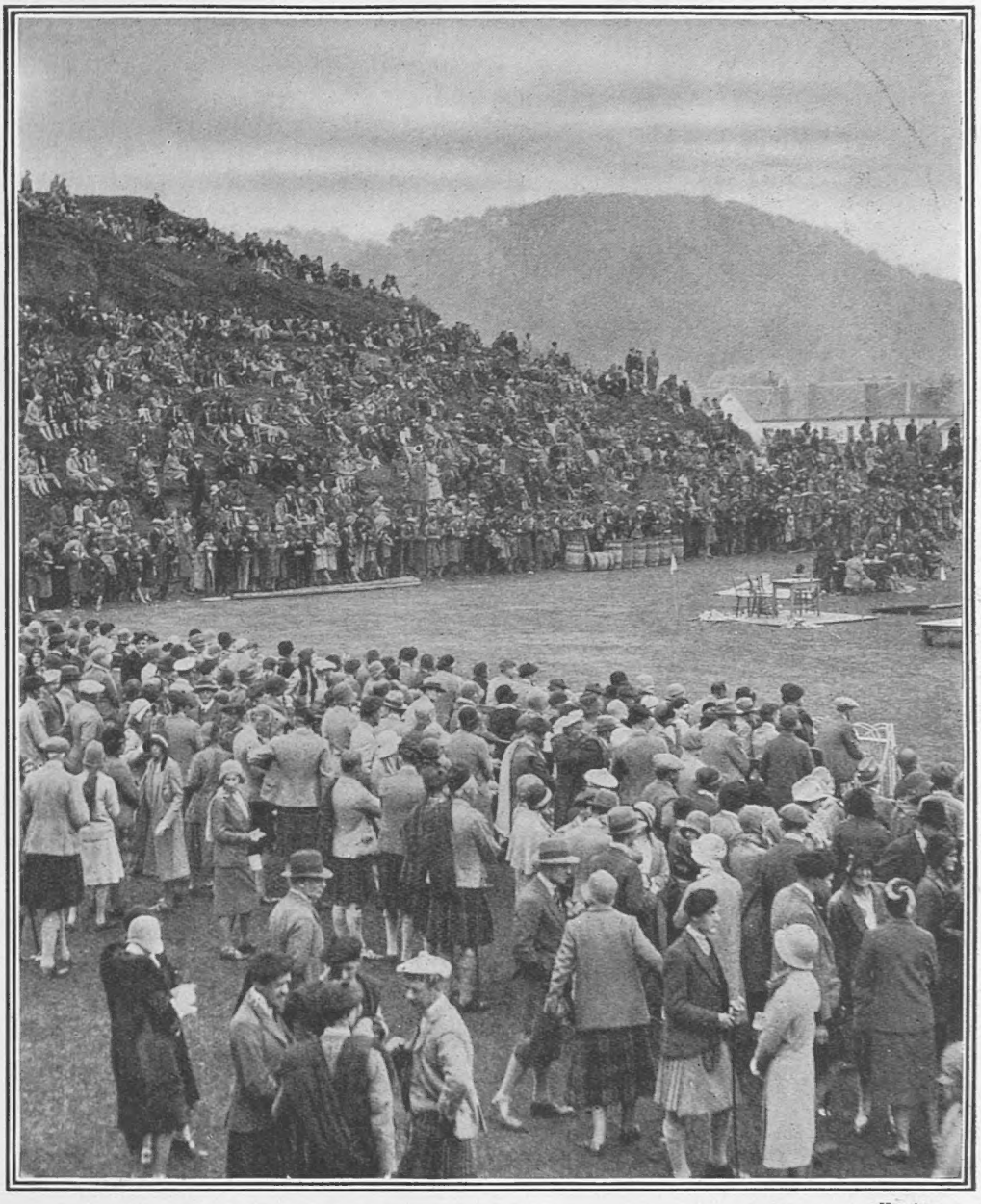
L. N. A.

Earl Beatty at the Doncaster Blood Sales. He is a keen rider to hounds, and a sound judge of horseflesh

THE CAMPBELLS HAVE COME—TO OBAN

Sport and General

Lord Carnarvon photographed at Doncaster. His horse, Merry Widow, ran disappointingly in the Doncaster Sale Stakes



Keystone

Some of the large crowd which attended the Argyllshire Gathering for the Highland Games at Oban last week. The spectators included the ex-King and Queen of Greece

Central News

Lord Glanely, the owner of Singapore, the winner of the St. Leger at Doncaster. With him is Gordon Richards, who rode his horse, which started joint favourite at 4 to 1 against

staff, has been very lucky. His ex-15-metre boat, Hispania, which used to belong to the King of Spain, took part in five races and won three cups.

A Stinging Reproof

MR. GEORGE TERRELL, one of our leading industrialists, and President of the National Union of Manufacturers, has recently delivered a much-needed reproof to Mr. Winston Churchill for the latter's futile speech at Glasgow, where he talked vaguely of the possible necessity of imposing a tariff for revenue purposes, instead of, as Mr. Terrell observed, to protect home manufacturers against the dumping of foreign-made goods, which came in without any of the same labour conditions, and without paying any of the heaped-up taxation forced on the British manufacturer. But more especially, and more piquant, was his request to learn why the Conservative leaders have gone out of their way to spurn the helping hand held out to them by Lords Rothermere and Beaverbrook. He may well ask, and millions more to-day will echo why.

A Lone Fight

LORD ROTHERMERE stands practically alone at this moment in fighting for a strong Imperialist policy, not only over tariffs, but in ruling our Dominions, where things are going from bad to worse; and it does not need a pessimist to say that! The Quixoticism of our politicians of all parties is really most amazing. They are sleeping while the Indian seditionists boycott British goods. They see our farmers

THE CONQUERING MIDGET

Lenare

A LADY M.F.H. TO WED

Miss Mary Woolland, of Memsbury, Ramsbury, Wilts, who hunts the Craven with her brother, Mr. W. Woolland, M.F.H. Her marriage to Dr. Raymond Lomax will take place on Wednesday, October 29

ruined by the dumping of Russian stolen wheat. British Malaya is ruined because Mr. Baldwin knocked the bottom out of the market. That extraordinary politician at the moment seems to have fallen into a positive stupor. What *is* he doing?

The New Craze

MIDGET golf is becoming more fashionable every day. The latest course, installed in Imperial House by Mr. Edward Laurillard and Mr. Jack Waller, is managed by the Hon: Anthony Vivian, Lady Weymouth's brother. This is making a net profit already of £300 a week. There was some little difficulty, though, at first, when certain undesirables arrived with their own putters concealed in their trouser-legs and endeavoured to play without paying. A stop was put to this quickly, however.

Bassano

Miss Hermione Fisher-Rowe, the elder daughter of the late Major C. V. Fisher-Rowe, M.C., and of Mrs. Fisher-Rowe. She is to marry Capt. P. J. H. Ellison, Grenadier Guards, on October 14 at the Guards' Chapel Wellington Barracks

Country Courses

MIDGET golf is already being played in many places outside London. Two courses have just been started at Harrogate, which was at its high-water mark of popularity last week, as it always is during Doncaster Week. Princess Victoria has just completed her cure there.

The St. Leger

THE victory of Singapore, which was foretold by an astrologer, was a very popular one. Lord Glanely's many friends backed it heavily at the last minute. Lord Glanely has had a wonderful run of luck during the latter part of this season—ever since the Oaks, in fact. Luck in racing is like luck at roulette. You will often have a winning or a losing sequence for no particular reason.

Elinor and "It"

THE pièce de résistance at the Shaftesbury Pavilion—which is now given over entirely to topical news films—last

Lafayette

MISS SHEILA MACDONALD

Whose engagement to Mr. G. E. L. Lennox-Boyd, of the Highland Light Infantry, was announced last week She is the daughter of Colonel A. W. and Mrs. MacDonald, of Spean Bridge, Inverness-shire

Bassano

THE HON. SHEILA CARY

The younger daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Falkland, who is to marry Mr W Edwards Her fiancé is the only son of Mr. and Mrs Neville Edwards, of Orford, near Littlehampton

HORSES TO FOLLOW

week was an interview with Mrs. Elinor Glyn on the subject of "It." The audience, when I was there, laughed heartily, and one could not blame them. There are some funny moments, too, in the gravity of the scenes of the Gandhi troubles in India. Here the management is making, they say, about £300 a week in shillings and sixpences.

An Autumn Bride

ONE of the prettiest of the autumn brides will be Miss Rosemary Hope-Vere, invitations to whose wedding next month have just been sent out. Her future husband, Mr. Drury-Lowe, being in the Scots Guards, the wedding will take place in that small but beautiful place, Wellington Barracks.

In Aid of Charity

CHARITY balls and carnivals will soon be upon us again. One of the most important of the Little Season is the ice carnival which the Duchess of Sutherland is organising at Grosvenor House on October 31. Her committee includes the Duchess of Grafton and the Duchess of Portland, as well as Lady Camden, Lady Salisbury, Lord Tennyson, and Lady Iveagh.

Mr. William Baxter Enever, the younger son of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Enever, and his bride, Miss Isla Howard-Williams, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Howard-Williams, of Stanmore, photographed with the bridesmaids and best man after their wedding at All Saints' Church, Harrow Weald. Mr Howard-Williams is a director of the Central Argentine Railway and several English and other Argentine companies

Lenare

Miss Jean Garland, photographed with her nephews, John and Michael de Pret, who acted as train-bearers, after her wedding at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, to Mr. Arthur Turberville Smith-Bingham, 15th/19th Hussars, the second son of Brig.-General and Mrs. Smith-Bingham. The bride is the second daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tuller Garland, of Moreton Hall, Warwick

The Embassy Reopens

BOTH London's leading dance clubs have now reopened, the Embassy Club on the night before last, and Ciro's nearly a fortnight ago. At Ciro's they have a newly formed English dance combination which many members mistake for an Ameri-

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

TOUCHARD started favourite in a field of eighteen at Doncaster and finished sixth. The distance was one mile and a quarter. Will improve on this performance and should be supported each way with confidence.

TURTLE SOUP, well ridden by Beary, separated Portlaw and Lemnarchus in the Champagne Stakes (six furlongs) at Doncaster and only failed by a neck to score. Was second over five furlongs at Liverpool in July. A very game filly and will win races.

SISTER NORAH, although starting at 10 to 1, had many friends at Doncaster. Gay Friar was all out to beat her over a mile. Back her in future over this distance.

WEARY WILLY, carrying bottom weight, was heavily supported to win a mile race at Doncaster. Was well ridden by Sharpe, but not fast enough to overhaul Gashmu. Won a six-furlong race at Liverpool in July, and should pay to follow.

ARMAGNAC headed the strongly fancied Gallini in the Tattersall Sale Stakes (seven furlongs) at Doncaster, but failed by a length and a half to overhaul the speedy Estate Duty. Was neglected in the market, but will not be overlooked in future.

WILD SON, backed from 20 to 1 down to 7 to 1, was confidently expected to change the luck for R. Day's stable at Birmingham, but had to be content with third position. Was third over five furlongs at Newcastle in June. Losses will be recovered.

ENTERTAINING NORTH OF THE TWEED

D. Mitchell Laing

IN SCOTLAND

The Countess of Airlie chatting with Judge Bincham, of Kentucky, at the Garden Fête held at Lour House, near Forfar

IN IRELAND Poole, Dublin

Lord Charlemont, the Minister of Education in Northern Ireland, and Lady Charlemont. They are seen in the grounds of their pretty home, Drumcairne, Stewartstown

can orchestra, while at the Kit-Cat Johnny Hamp and his orchestra have just arrived from New York.

A Lot of Servants

IN Scotland Mrs. de Wichfeld is entertaining parties for deer-stalking at Dunkeld House, Dunkeld. For seven years Mrs. de Wichfeld used to take Blair Atholl, the Duke of Atholl's place. The Duke himself used to stay as her guest, and I am told that there were something like 108 servants employed. Dunkeld House is not so large, but the shooting in the neighbourhood is excellent.

From Chicago

MRS. DE WICHFELD, before she married her present husband, was a Mrs. Moore, as is shown by the surname of her sons. She derives most of her vast income, I believe, from the meat-packing industry in Chicago. There are very few Americans in Scotland this year, and the tales told in former years of rich tenants, gillies and beaters are not so numerous as usual.

Royalty in Scotland

THE games at Oban attracted large and distinguished crowds last week, among them the ex-King and Queen of Greece. Sir Gervase and Lady Marjorie Beckett, Lord and Lady Scone, and Lady Fiona Pratt, also watched the burly Highlanders throwing their weights about. Prince George has recently been staying with Lord and Lady Dalkeith in Scotland. Lady Alexandra Haig was another member of the house party.

Topical

The Grand Duchess Marie of Russia photographed on board s.s. "Paris" on her arrival in New York. She proposes to follow the example of other exiled Russian nobles by applying for American citizenship

On the Wireless

NEARLY everyone who lives in the country has a wireless set. It is interesting for them to learn, therefore, that for the first time Cortot, Busch and Casals are all to be broadcast this autumn. The microphone will also reproduce Suggia and Elizabeth Schumann. Nine of the concerts will be conducted by Adrian Boult, five by Sir Henry Wood, and one by Sir Landon Ronald.

Was it Publicity?

PEOPLE are still talking about the fight at the Savoy Grill between Ernie Rice and Harry Mason which, it has been suggested, was a publicity stunt. I happened to be lunching there myself, and I do not believe it. Rice looked far too angry to be play-acting. What *would* be a clever publicity idea would be for Mason to sue Rice, as the aggressor, for battery and

'MID THE LINGERING CHARMS OF SUMMER

Express Photos

Lady Milford Haven enjoying a game of croquet with her children, the Earl of Medina and Lady Tatiana Mountbatten. The photograph was taken on the lawn of Lynden Manor, their delightful riverside home at Holyport, near Maidenhead

Photopress

Lady Cunliffe-Owen keeps a watchful eye on her children, Hugo, Dudley, Philippa and Diana. They are seen at the private bathing pool in the grounds of their home, Weir Bank, at Bray

A YOUNG VIENNESE SINGER STORMS LONDON

assault—a claim that would lose none of its piquancy in view of the fact that they have fought in the ring so often.

For Sale

PERSONAL possessions of the great and famous find their way into the market from time to time, but it must come as a bit of a shock to many people to learn that the latest of these is nothing less than "a rare nightgown of the late Queen Victoria; genuine, and in excellent condition." The purchaser of this article of Royal nightwear would hardly dream of wearing it herself, but it must tax the ingenuity of the collector who acquires it to know how to display it with his other objects of virtu and art to the best advantage. It is obviously impossible to use it as a draping for a piece of classical statuary, and, neatly folded and placed in a glass case between a fragment of Pompeian pavement and a lock of Bonnie Prince Charlie's hair, it might look too out of place. A tricky problem, truly!

Cubbing Starts Late

OWING to a late harvest cubbing in most countries opened considerably later than was the case last year, writes our hunting correspondent, "Bridle." Generally speaking, however, the litters of cubs are both plentiful and strong, the young entry good, and the prospects for the season favourable enough. One might safely predict that by the time these notes find a way into the printer's hands the great majority of the two hundred and odd packs of foxhounds, which represent a like number of recognised hunting countries in the United Kingdom, will be hard at work bustling the cubs through and through the still heavy undergrowth in the coverts.

Good Going

THIS time last season Masters and their huntsmen were crying aloud for rain. The ground, in the densest woodlands, even, was bone dry, scenting conditions were often impossible, and it was no unusual thing to see several couple of young hounds returning to kennels after a morning's cubbing dead lame. Thanks to rather more than enough rain—from the game-rearer's point of view at any rate—however, both scent and going have been good enough in the Shires, and probably in the provinces also, ever since the opening of cub-hunting operations.

LEA SEIDL

The young Viennese actress and singer, who created a sensation in the name part on the first night of "Frederica" at the Palace Theatre last week. She plays the part of Goethe's lover, who sacrifices herself for his career. "Frederica" is said to be far better than "The Merry Widow," which was also by Franz Lehar

Some New Plays

LONDON has made a poor start with its autumn musical plays, writes our theatrical correspondent. At a modest calculation, £25,000 must already have been spent on production costs, and what we have got for it is *Eldorado*, *Open Your Eyes*, and *Frederica*. I am sorry about *Frederica*, which is at the Palace. Here is a piece that has had a great run in Germany and elsewhere on the Continent, which is composed by Franz Lehar (oh, for the days of his *Merry Widow* again!), but which is beset by an utterly stupid and banal book. They even say "All is over between us." What a pity it is that there is hardly a line of dialogue with the glimmer of sparkle or jest in it, because Lehar has written some glorious music, but unless you are definitely musical the effect of *Frederica* is exasperating.

A Charming Singer

LEA SEIDL, who comes from Vienna, is a beautiful blonde, and a beautiful, sensitive singer in the part of Frederica; but, apart from his voice, I could not bring myself to like Joseph Hislop as Goethe. His main idea of acting appeared to be to clench his fists when he was talking to Miss Seidl—with whom he is supposed to be in love.

A Jolly Affair

ANOTHER new play last week was *Her First Affaire*, at the Kingsway, and I am inclined to predict a certain amount of success for it. It is a farce-comedy by Merrill Rogers and Frederick Jackson, and it succeeds in doing what it sets out to do, which is to make people laugh. I have known far worse plays go on and on; and if I were in the talk-film business I should think very hard about its possibilities.

In the Play

THERE are five people and a chauffeur in the cast—Henry Hewitt (who writes free-love, live - your - own - life novels), Zillah Bateman (his wife, who has a sense of humour), Ellen Pollock (a French maid, who wants to get off), Margery Binner (a young girl who takes the novels seriously), and Jack Hobbs (who is a bit of a young blockhead). Margery Binner, whom I thought fresh and charming, tries her best to vamp Henry Hewitt—who is not prepared to practise what he preaches in his stories—and the result certainly provides the audience with a lot of quite amusing and good entertainment. A good deal of it is as near naughty as dammit—and that usually helps the box office nowadays.

PRINCESS MARY CUBBING AT 6 a.m.

AN EARLY START

Princess Mary at the cubbing meet of the Bramham Moor at Plumpton, near Harrogate. The photograph, which includes Lord Harewood, Major the Hon. Edward Lascelles and Gulliver, the Huntsman, was taken in the early morning, just as the sun was beginning to break up the autumn mists. Inset: Princess Mary is seen moving off with the field at the opening cubbing meet of the Bramham Moor

CUBBING IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE *Topical*

An early morning's cubbing with the Heythrop Hunt. The field is seen breasting a hill and passing by the neatly stacked corn on moving off from the cubbing meet of the Heythrop, which took place at Icombe Round House, near Stow-on-the-Wold

POLAND and the FEMALE FORM DIVINE

Discreetly described by Aubrey Hammond *With Illustrations by Himself*

This week Aubrey Hammond continues his description of his recent trip down the "Polish Corridor," but, as will be observed, the political aspect of this much-disputed district is rather overshadowed by the personal aspects of the journey!

WARSAW! Lovely naked Polish girls running about in the sun, and going plop! into the Vistula. What a land for heroes to live in! Even Miss Mannin in a state of nature could not surpass one of these, and that, I imagine, sets a fairly high standard.

There is something about the Slavonic maiden which renders her the most beautiful of the European sisterhood. In America, of course, the Slav mixes with every other possible ingredient from the Old World; but here in Europe is the essence of the mixture. As the frontier is crossed between Germany and Poland, or between Austria and Hungary, the girls shed their unwieldy hips and stumpy legs and become the slim-hipped, wide-eyed and wide-breasted animals which stamp this Poland undoubtedly as the hope of Europe—at any rate, from my point of view. And I don't see why mine shouldn't be as good as Miss Mannin's.

IN the first place, they have the longest legs, on an average, of any representative body of young women that I have ever been privileged to observe; and long legs are, unfortunately, few and far between these days. Secondly, they possess the slimmest ankles and the slimmest hips in the world. To go on with, they hold themselves divinely, and I imagine that there is no Slavonic counterpart of the word "brassière" in the dictionary.

Their colouring is nothing short of remarkable, in that they combine, like all good artists, colours that rationally should not go together. Their skin may be olive, their hair blonde (and how blonde!), and their eyelashes black, and of a natural black. They swing themselves along like upright snakes—if one may be pardoned the simile, and it would make not two ha'penny worth of difference if, in a fit of abstraction, they had forgotten to put their clothes on that morning.

MIND you, I looked upon all this from a purely professional and detached point of view, just as Miss Mannin regarded her lovely naked German young men purely from the viewpoint of general European health. It is part of my training to observe these matters, and I well remember the mixed feelings with which I first regarded a nude female in the Life Class of the Académie Julien in Paris many years ago. To my mind she looked all wrong, but the nude female figure is the most difficult thing in the world to contend with—I mean from the draughtsman's point of view. But my subsequent experiences in the Life Class convinced me that the perfect or nearly perfect figure was about as extinct as the Pterodactyl. They all seemed out of centre or something.

"To my mind, she looked all wrong"

But here were ladies whose equators were exactly adjusted. I felt that had I encountered any one of these during my student days drawing would have come to me more easily.

MOST of these reflections came to me in the open air swimming bath in Warsaw. I was pained to observe, however, that neither of my companions was regarding the spectacle with the serious air of one studying the welfare of future Europe. My friend the Dramatic Critic had almost dropped his ecclesiastical air, and I could see that his soul was far from Tchehov and Wyspienski. As for George, he had taken out his pipe, and was lighting it.

I remember once yanking an esteemed and very intellectual London producer out of a highbrow theatre in Berlin, where they were playing a Russianised version of *The Beggar's Opera*, and pushing him into the Grosses Schauspielhaus next door, on the stage of which a very beautiful Spanish dancer was performing, quite rightly, in the nude. Much the same change of expression had come over the features of my companions as had transfigured my friend the producer. An hour ago we had been discussing the production of Bernard Shaw's plays with the director of the Polski Theatre. Now we were observing the activities of Polish Youth in a swimming bath. As each slim and shining figure drew itself out of the water and stretched itself in the sun, the critic would sigh deeply, while George would remark: "By Jove, these people certainly do let the sun get at their bodies!" and refill his pipe.

AFTER several hours' study of this very hopeful scene, we realised with deep regret that it was our duty to penetrate farther into this great country. With deep sighs and puffings of the pipe, my friends and myself betook ourselves back to the City. The Corridor had now been left behind, thank goodness! and we were at liberty to range at large, hampered by no other corridors than those of a railway carriage. On the way to the station George's pipe first gave evidence of being a bit of a nuisance; or by one strange girls, with Magic in their eyes, detached themselves from the crowds in the street and approached him as though hypnotised. By the time we reached the station he was surrounded and almost invisible.

"I can't understand it," he said, as we got into the train, and he took off his hat and camera, and adjusted his cap. Jealousy prevented a response as far as I was concerned, and so, donning the wireless headphones with which every express train in this admirable country is provided, I gazed out of the window the whole way to Cracow.

IN the intervals between very loud band selections from Warsaw,

"The author enjoying his 'Nachkultur'"

snatches of "The Merry Widow" from Berlin, "The Blue Danube" from Vienna, shrieks from Prague, and burblings from Moscow, I had liberty to observe how very beautiful are the Polish children. Every field we passed had its little Goose-girl. Nearly all were fair-haired, the hair bobbed in the mediæval fashion; they wore simple square-cut frocks such as Jeanne d'Arc must have worn. Bare-footed and bare-legged, they were altogether delightful. I was interrupted at this moment by the arrival of tea, served in the local manner, without milk, in glasses, and with lemon. "Why can't they serve it in a pot," said George, "like they do in any civilised country?"

GEORGE was beginning to annoy me; why a man with a teapot and eggs and bacon complex should have half the youth and beauty of Poland at his heels I could not understand. His evident charm persisted even in Cracow, where the ladies lean more toward the Austrian contour. In fact, we lost him there, surrounded by hosts of these lovely angels who apparently escorted him safely back to his native Surbiton, where, he confided, he looked forward to eggs and bacon, a pot of tea for one, a portion of bread and butter, and a round of golf on Sunday. Pipe, umbrella, panama and all, he vanished from our sight.

"He had taken out his pipe and was lighting it"

PEREGRINATIONS further south revealed to our gratified gaze still greater delights. A veritable Arcady unfolded itself between Cracow and the Carpathian Mountains to the South. My often absorbing conversations with my Critic friend were continually interrupted by his digging me in the ribs and drawing my attention to blossoming orchards by the side of the railway, with people lying about nude; some of the trees had young men leaping like fauns under them, clad in nothing but an odd-looking hat; there were some who were even plunging naked into water. Unfortunately the water was only about an inch and a half deep, with scratchy stones at the bottom; but this did not deter these splendid young people.

It would take too long to tell you of all the wonders of this wonderful land. I regret to say that my only appearance in a state of nature (and that in private) was in a hot bath every morning. I felt, however, that my Critic companion had the urge, and when one day after infinite toil and perspiration we had climbed half a mountain and arrived at a lovely lake high amongst the crags, I felt sure that he was suddenly going to take his clothes off. I staved off the evil moment by falling down a rock all of a sudden, which made my nose bleed. Nevertheless, it was worth it.

I might talk quite a lot about the trousers worn by the peasants in the Tatra Mountains, but trousers don't seem to fit into the subject properly. Anyhow, bears come down from the mountains and tear the trousers off quite frequently during the winter months, which might interest Miss Mannin.

FOR the rest, there are no restrictions, and, for that matter, nor are there in any other European country save Sweden, Finland, and, to a certain extent, Norway and Belgium; we English prefer to remain the laughing-stock of Europe in that respect. There were no dustbins visible, so that I was unable to ascertain whether they were sealed or otherwise.

But there were:—

(a) Lovely girls (nude in the sun).

(b) Beautiful ladies (half-clothed in the shade).

(c) Exquisite females everywhere,

And, thank Goodness, there were no steel churches. They have much more beautiful ones in brick and stone.

Anyway, think of the polish it saves! A. H.

DON'T worry if you lock the keys inside your trunk. Mark the trunk "Handle with Care," and it will arrive with the top or the bottom smashed open.

* * *

YOUNG MAN: How much do I pay for a marriage licence?

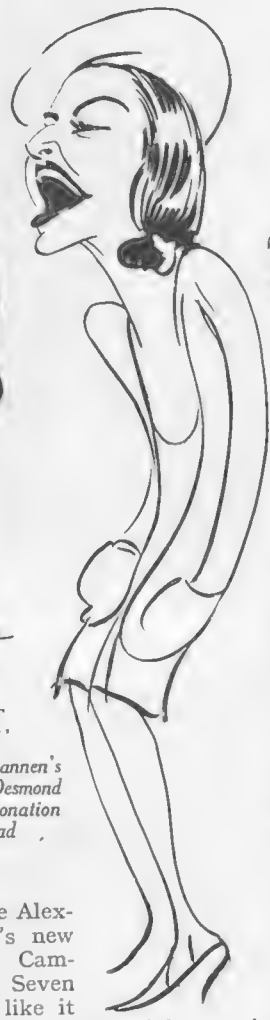
CLERK: 7*s.* 6*d.* down and your entire salary each week for the rest of your life.

DRENA BEACH

The "Tiger Girl," who is causing a sensation at the Kit-Cat Restaurant by her extraordinary dancing. She is of German-Irish parentage and hails from California

AT THE PLAY

CAMBRIDGE THEATRE & OXFORD



TWO "SLIGHT IMPRESSIONS"

J. H. Roberts out-Hannen's Swaffer, whilst Florence Desmond gives an amusing impersonation of Tallulah Bankhead

Beatrice Lillie, Henry Kendall and Betty Frankiss show us the alarming effects that Negro Spirituals may have on the inhabitants of a Mayfair flat

I LIKE Mr. Bertie Alexander Meyer's new theatre, the Cambridge, in Seven Dials. In fact, I like it better than any other theatre I have ever been in in this country, Paris, or Berlin. It is not very big—it seats about half the number that Drury Lane, the Dominion, or the Lyceum can hold—but what there is of it is good, as Mr. George Robey would have said a few years ago.

THE stalls seats slide beautifully for you when you want to shift your position; there are cunning little electric lights to be switched on so that you can read your programme (I switched mine so much on the first night that the battery gave out—but no matter); a miniature fountain splashes deliciously in the foyer; and as for the bars, well—I must go and admire them again. During the evening I said, "This is the best theatre I have seen" to, among others, Gerald du Maurier, Edgar Wallace, Beverley Nicholls, Jeanne de Casalis, Hannen Swaffer, and Bertie Alexander Meyer, and not one of them disputed it.

IT would be pleasant to be able to go on and say that the entertainment, Mr. André Charlot's *Masquerade*, is equally good, but I fear that would be misleading. There were a good many times during the opening performance when it occurred to me that *Lemonade* would have been just as appropriate as *Masquerade*, if there is anything in the name of a revue. So much of it is gassy and without any sort of bite. It is quite probable that the show will have a good run, but it did seem to me that a new type of revue—away from this everlasting song, sketch, ballet (oh, these ballets!)—is badly wanted, and that Miss Beatrice Lillie was somehow disappointing.

I THOUGHT she was too casual and, at times, a little bit slipshod, and that at least one thing she did—a longish imitation, or burlesque, of the incomparable Ruth Draper, was definitely bad. Miss Lillie can do better than this; at least, she could in her pre-Hollywood days. To my mind, much the best things in the revue were a perfect imitation of Tallulah Bankhead (repeated at the subsequent party, which Miss Bankhead attended) by Florence Desmond, and a sketch of sentiment, by Harold Simpson, which J. H. Roberts plays to admiration.

Beatrice Lillie, as the Maypole Dancer, helps to make the England of 1930 a "Merrie England"

(Circus) Music Hall By William Pollock

SKETCHES OF "CHARLOT'S MASQUERADE," AT THE CAMBRIDGE THEATRE, By H. H. HARRIS

Patrick Waddington tells Constance Carpenter in song: "I fell for you." Doubtless that young lady's "uplift" has something to do with the case!

noted that one member has a "Sousaphone," whatever that may be, and that the itch to sing and act is very prevalent among the company. At one period of the performance four or five of them had put on hats and bobbed out of their seats to have some back-chat with their leader, who, for the time being, was not singing through a megaphone. This week Mr. Conway Tearle, the film actor, tops the bill at the Palladium.

At the Globe, on Tuesday evening, a bespectacled man sat in the first row of the dress circle silently repeating to himself what was being spoken on the stage. At the end of the first performance of *Street Scene* he came on to the stage, both his hands thrust into his trousers pockets, and said that authors should, in his opinion, neither be seen nor heard . . . meet Mr. Elmer Rice!

Most of the hard-boiled first-nighters of London seemed to be in the theatre to see this play of his which has had such a run in New York and is being done here by Maurice Browne and Leon M. Lion. This is what they saw: they saw the exterior of a "walk-up" apartment house in New York and about fifty people walk in and out and past it. They saw the wife of one of the lodgers having an affair with a milkman, her daughter torn between her own love affairs, a murder and an arrest, and they heard an unseen woman in an upstairs room having a baby.

Very baldly, those are the high spots of *Street Scene*, which, whether or not it succeeds in London, will still remain an interesting play and a very adroit example of photographic realism. The characters—Irish-Americans, Jews, Italians, Germans, Swedes—are stamped with actuality, and you feel that the author has invented very little, but almost taken down in shorthand what he at some time experienced. Logically, this should make good drama, but I must confess that I found parts of *Street Scene* a trifle tiresome.

Most of the people shown are rather dull dogs, one of the brighter exceptions in the cast being "Queenie," a part taken by "Peggy of Battersea," a sort of Sealyham, who is frequently brought out on a lead for exercise, and who did at least either scratch herself or wag her tail before disappearing into the wings. I shall watch "Queenie's" future with interest; she is a promising ingénue.

The play deals with part of New York's low life in the manner that *Porgy* dealt with American negroes and *Down Our Street* dealt with the East End of London. Its observation and cleverness are beyond dispute, but it is always touch or go with this type of play in the West End.

There are hardly any familiar names in the company, but, for the most part, the acting was excellent, some of the cameos being admirably drawn by the players. The only improvement I can suggest would be for Mrs. Maurrant and her daughter to make themselves look less of the same generation than they did on the first night. Miss Erin O'Brien-Moore should make up younger, it appeared to me.

W. P.

And if, then, the Cambridge is the nicest theatre, the Palladium, hard by Oxford Circus, is certainly the best variety theatre in Europe. You cannot take your dinner in it, to be sure, as you can in Berlin's Winter Garden, but if there is no bill of fare there is always a programme and an atmosphere. The Palladium on Monday nights is, in fact, one of the most interesting places in London if you enter into the spirit of it; and, although you may sometimes lament the number of imported turns there, the answer is that people will have something new and that the house is usually crowded.

Last week's star turn was Jack Payne and his B.B.C. band, with all their names set out in the programme and the instruments which they play. I

Betty Frankiss dancing in evening kit, which would appear to be more appropriate to Cap d'Antibes than the conservative West End

Drawn by HOWARD K. ELCOCK, our Special Artist in Buenos Aires

FOOTBALL "FANS" LISTEN-IN IN BUENOS AIRES

South America has gone Soccer mad, and the excitement which rages when International matches are in progress is terrific. Above is seen our artist's impression of some of the vast crowd of over fifty thousand people listening-in to a description of the match between Argentina and Uruguay at Monte Video, outside the newspaper offices in Buenos Aires. When the news came that Uruguay had won, sections of the crowd grew out of hand, stoned Uruguayan supporters, broke the windows of the Uruguayan Club and treated the Uruguayan Consulate in similar manner

THE LITERARY SHOW

NAN BRITTON

The author of "The President's Daughter," in which she tells the story of her love for President Harding

THE STRANGE DEATH OF PRESIDENT HARDING

By J. A. Hammerton

INSTEAD of qualifying myself to be merely showily useful at dinner or bridge table advising ladies about the latest novel (a pose of which some of the young nuts are fond), I have been reading these last few days two out-of-the-way books which at least claim to offer a sequence of facts such as none but Mr. Edgar Wallace would have had the courage to invent. I had to send to America for them, as neither of the books, so far as I know, has been published in England, although one of them is more than three years old. I refer to "The President's Daughter," by Nan Britton, and "The Strange Death of President Harding," by Gaston B. Means. A journalistic colleague recommended them to me, and I have read both with the liveliest interest and astonishment.

I CONFESS that I had only a vague notion of Harding's personality, except that I had been interested in his rise from the position of a "small town" editor to President of "the greatest nation on earth," to use the Barnumesque phrase so beloved by the writers of these two books. I took only a tepid interest in the Teapot Dome scandal with which his administration was besmirched. He was catalogued somewhere at the back of my mind as a President who had died from eating a dish of dressed crab, keeping vague company there with Henry I and his "surfeit of lampreys." But the man who emerges from the narratives in these two remarkable books is a very human personality, made dramatic and tragic by forces and circumstances hopelessly beyond his control

A CONDITION of things very foreign and remote from British notions of public life is disclosed in these two records of American life. "The President's Daughter" is a book with a purpose, a crusading effort, in which a young American woman, with a degree of frankness possibly never exceeded by any other woman writer, tells the whole story of her love for President Harding, who was some thirty years her senior, from her school days until his untimely death, when he left her, the mother of his only child, entirely unprovided for. What impresses me about this amazing autobiography of Miss Nan Britton is its honesty. I feel that wherever her word and that of another witness might differ I should be inclined to give her the benefit of the doubt. The whole atmosphere which she creates throughout her long and admirably sustained narrative is one of fearless truthfulness. And what a story!

PICTURE the situation: the President of this mighty nation that believed in its heart of hearts it had won the World War pushed into office by a scheming wife some nine or ten years his senior and a gang of Republican bosses who meant to use him as their tool in a great scheme of public plunder. To the simple-minded electorate Harding is in the true tradition of "Log Cabin to White House," with a simple faith in that Christianity which is seen at its best in Tennessee, and the national ideal of a womanhood that flatters itself upon possessing and exercising all the domestic virtues while its manhood merely gets on with the job of making money. And withal he is alleged to have committed the indiscretion of becoming (with admirable secrecy) the father of Miss Britton's baby girl a little while before his nomination!

DURING his three and a half years of office Harding did his honest best to care for his child with such discretion on the part of the mother that when he so suddenly died at San Francisco, August 2, 1923, the existence of his daughter, Elizabeth Ann, was entirely unknown to anyone except the mother's sister. No provision of any kind having been made by the father, and all Miss Britton's efforts to secure adequate provision from the Harding family for the President's alleged daughter having failed, behold this extremely able, resourceful and fascinating young woman driven to publish her story and lay her well-documented facts before the public.

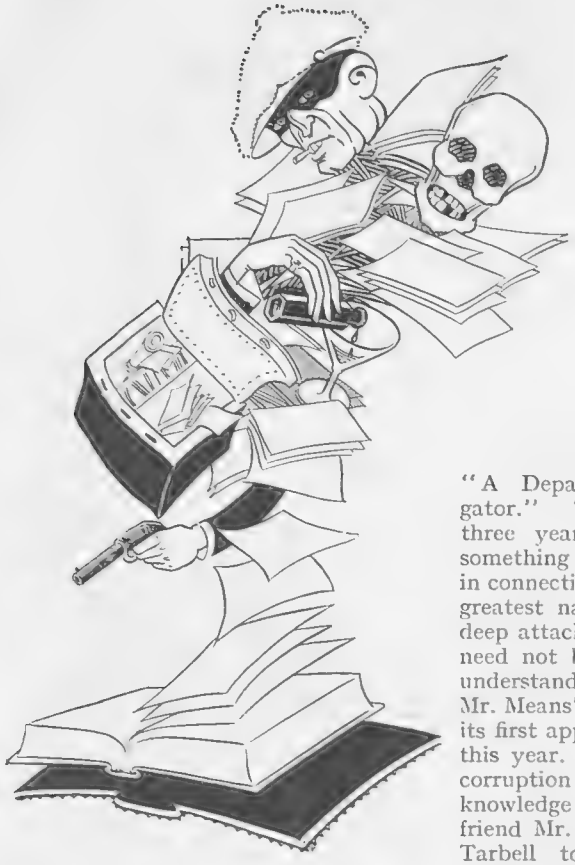
AS a human document there are very few books of our time that exceed in interest "The President's Daughter." The writing of it might be accepted as a testimonial to one of the numerous schools of journalism that flourish in America, for Miss Britton "took a course" at one of these to prepare her as an author, and she writes with verve and liveliness, although she splits all her infinitives in the most fearless fashion. Her devotion to Harding must have been genuine, and her loyalty to his memory, even in this extraordinary public revelation of their relationship, is displayed at every turn of her narrative. Had she been a mere adventuress wishing to make capital out of a casual association with a man of distinction, she might well have filled her coffers to the tune of a million dollars from the pockets of the gang who are alleged to have got control of the Harding administration. But to her he seemed always a god-like personality: "He was to me almost divine," she writes. "I remember once in 1920 that we were 'talking things over.' I was on his lap." An odd thing "on the knees of the gods"!

PRESIDENT HARDING

The former President of the U.S.A., the amazing story of whose death, alleged by poisoning, is told in "The Strange Death of President Harding"

A STRONG sense of humour is not one of Miss Britton's qualities. Nay, this book could never have been written

"Advising ladies about the latest novel"



"Might be sold as Edgar Wallace's latest thriller"

had it been otherwise. She has founded an Elizabeth Ann Guild, the aim of which is to strive for an alteration in the laws, whereby "Every child born in the United States of America shall be regarded as legitimate, whether born within or without wedlock." She is still a young woman, and may well have forty years of activity ahead of her. Her cause will probably need all that.

I wish I had the space to give some quotations from Miss Britton's book, as it abounds in passages which in their naïveté are unexampled. One only can I find room for:—

> There were windows along one side of the room which looked out upon the green of the White House grounds, and outside, stalking up and down, face rigidly to the front, moved the President's armed guard. But in spite of this apparent obliviousness on the part of the guard, we were both sceptical, and Mr. Harding said to me that people seemed to have eyes in the sides of their heads down there, and so we must be very circumspect. Whereupon he introduced me to the one place where, he said, he thought we might share kisses in safety. This was a small closet in the ante-room, evidently a place for hats and coats, but entirely empty most of the times we used it, for we repaired there many times in the course of my visits to the White House, and in the darkness of a space not more than five feet square the President of the United States and his adoring sweetheart made love.

For a moment now let us turn to "The Strange Death of President Harding." With the change of a few proper names, and re-titled "Who Killed the President?" this might be sold as Edgar Wallace's latest thriller. But Mr. Wallace would have to rejoin dozens of split infinitives. It used to be said that when a Fleet Street journalist was too busy to take a regular meal he just had a split infinitive and an "and which." American writers seem to have made a corner in split infinitives, and have left us only a few for the use of our ad-writers.

Gaston B. Means, from whose diaries the book has been compiled, is described as "A Department of Justice Investigator." Two years ago he completed three years' imprisonment for doing something more than "investigating" in connection with the liquor laws of the greatest nation on earth, so that his deep attachment to the cause of justice need not be emphasised. I can quite understand that edition after edition of Mr. Means's book has been printed since its first appearance in the late spring of this year. No such story of political corruption has been printed to my knowledge since the days when my old friend Mr. S. S. M'Clure got Miss Ida Tarbell to relate the extraordinary doings of the Tweed gang, and that was merely a thrilling story of local graft.

If Mr. Means's story is true, the Department of Justice, to which he was attached during the Harding administration, being specially detailed for personal service to the wife of the President, was a shameful mockery of its name. The detailed description which he gives of the "undercover executive headquarters" which he maintained at Washington (photograph furnished) for the political gang who polluted the source of justice and made President Harding do "just as they told him to" introduces all the old familiar machinery of secret hiding places, secret telephones, iron-barred front doors, dummy safes, buried treasure, poison, revolvers, and so forth. Dandy stuff! I sincerely hope it is true. The documents in the case are many and astonishing. The book has been written by a lady, to whom Mr. Means told his tale, and who displays a high degree of narrative power that carries the reader eagerly from page to page, though tending at times to be too melodramatic.

What is its purpose other than to make some money for its author? Nothing less, believe me, than to insinuate that Harding might have been poisoned either by his wife or by some person acting for his wife! In the "Epilogue" to his narrative Mr. Means mentions no fewer than ten prominent personalities, including the President and Mrs. Harding, all of whom, with the exception of Mrs. Harding, died suddenly in the course of something like two years. His last words are "I alone remain." I have not heard anything to the contrary at the time of going to press. But I can only say that he is witness to a period of alleged corruption and political dishonesty which I cannot believe could be paralleled in any European Government within our time. Out of both books President Harding comes a man of good intent and of winning personality who had the evil fate to be associated with political bosses less scrupulous and more powerful than himself. Making allowance for that overstatement and "slickness" of effect to which most detectives are prone when they become reminiscent, "The Strange Death of President Harding" remains one of the most surprising and disquieting books I have read for some time, and the worst possible indictment of American public life.

J. A. Hammerton

THIS "EIN STEIN" BUSINESS Sasha

Jack Payne, the well-known orchestra leader, who has introduced one of the most popular songs of the year, "The Stein Song," to English listeners-in. He is seen with a genuine stein, a German student's drinking mug

BY TREVER EVANS

"You were driving very recklessly, miss—what's your name?"

"Prudence!"

FILM NOTES

Greta Garbo as the wife in "The Kiss," in the trial scene in which she is defended by her lover, who does not believe that she is guilty of the murder of her husband. The picture was the work of the famous French producer, Jacques Feyder

MEET AN AMERICAN CONVICT

By Lionel Collier

THE other day at the Empire I was taken inside an American prison. I went into "The Big House" in company with Butch (Wallace Beery) a gangster and murderer, one of those men of whom one might say that he had murdered his mother, but still had a heart of gold because he was sorry afterwards. My other companions, all occupying the same cell, were Morgan (Chester Morris), a less spectacular criminal, in fact, a forger and all-round crook, but ready for repentance, and Kent (Robert Montgomery), who had only run over a man while drunk in charge of a car; he had five years for manslaughter, and could hardly be said to have qualified for honours.

IN charge of this prison was Lewis Stone as the warden, who was his own urbane and natural self. He felt rather upset at having to put Kent in the same cell as a murderer, but complained that lack of funds and lack of accommodation compelled him to do so.

YOU would not believe what cheery companions the murderer and the forger turned out to be! They cracked jokes and were the soul of honour to each other, Morgan, particularly, being very nice to young Kent, who unfortunately seemed to lack the convict prison code, and was easily persuaded to sneak on his companions' plans for a really good revolt.

Of course Morgan must have had ulterior motives, for when he escaped by a ruse he happened to meet Kent's sister. She was a nice girl, and, playing on the finer feelings concealed beneath the bluff American forging instinct, brought love into his life!

You cannot fool the American police, at least not without money, so Morgan was speedily recaptured. He came back, repentent in spirit and determined to serve his time, reform, and marry the girl of his heart. She did not care that he had been a forger. How should she? She had a heart of gold.

CONSEQUENTLY he refused to enter into the plans for a bloodthirsty attack on the warders which Butch had been carefully hatching and which young Kent had been as equally carefully giving away. You see Kent had not the making of a real Chicago crook—he was yellow; a chromatic addition to America's colour problem.

I must say I was disappointed in the prison. There was no jazz, the warders were most ungentlemanly, there was no work for the three thousand inmates, and the food was very poor. This last had quite rightly led to a minor protest which incurred for its ringleaders a period of solitary confinement in cells in which they could not lie down or stand upright. Sufficient cause for a revolt by kind-hearted murderers like Butch, as I am sure you will agree.

THE revolution broke out, convicts got arms from goodness knows where, and machine-guns probably from Heaven, and opened up. They were betrayed! The hard-hearted authorities knew about it, and things went badly for the convicts. Butch suspected Morgan and tried to shoot him. Although Morgan was only a forger he got there first and got Butch. He died, but thank goodness not before he had made it up with his old convict chum. You see they heard that Kent had given the game away. He was shot like the unscrupulous motorist he was! Morgan was left to comfort the dead man's sister. He had saved several warders during the battle and thus secured a pardon. I felt he had been equally "ratting" on his companions, but then this American prison code always did leave me guessing.

You will be impressed by the realism of the prison settings, and you will find it hard to resist the charm of Wallace Beery's villainy, even if Chester Morris's reformation leaves you rather cold.

In a word, "The Big House" is admirably produced, and if, as one is apt to think, it is meant as propaganda for American prison reform, just forget it and enjoy the comedy especially and the drama as well.

THE new film at the Dominion Theatre is "The Dawn Patrol." It deals with the early days of the R.F.C.

It is un-English in its open display of a sentiment that would be felt, but would equally as certainly be concealed. Nevertheless, no film has shown more thrilling aerial scenes. A final bombing sequence is remarkably vivid. Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr., gives a sensitive character study, while Richard Barthelmess and Neil Hamilton both appear to advantage.

Trouble brewing in the prison yard. Wallace Beery, as "Butch," discloses his plans to his fellow convicts for a revolt against the authorities. A scene from "The Big House," which gives an illuminating insight into conditions in American prisons

Three Outstanding Films

Wallace Beery as "Butch," the murderous convict, in "The Big House," gives one of the finest characterisations of his screen career. Despite his morals, it is difficult not to sympathise with this hard-boiled murderer

An example of some of the thrilling aerial shots which are the outstanding feature of "The Dawn Patrol," at the Dominion Theatre. This film centres round the early days of the R.F.C. in the War, and has no women in the cast

Anders Randolf, as the elderly husband in "The Kiss," takes drastic measures when he discovers his neglected wife (Greta Garbo), in what he considers a compromising situation with a youthful admirer (Lewis Ayres). This leads to the shooting of the husband by his wife the crux on which the plot turns

A Revival of the Picturesque

By Blanche B. Elliott

There are unmistakable signs of a tendency to return to the picturesque period in dress. As one goes farther and farther away from the blighting war influence and its tragic trail of unhappiness, there appears a growing desire to build up a romantic period once more. It seems, too, that the hideous mechanism of standardisation which had crept into clothes as well as everything else needed some corresponding antidote. And one naturally looks to woman to supply it.

Actually, however, the influence appears most strongly in men. They are really at heart the romanticists. It is they who always wish to wrap glamour round women. The return to the longer skirt and the normal figure has pleased man greatly, and has been on the whole, man's inspiration. Women—the clever, earnest ones, that is—have screamed loud against it as a sign of the "re-subjection" of the Suffragette days. But the men have won. In his primitive state, man loves to put his women behind a yashmak, in a harem, or a zenana. It is woman, always, who casts them aside. It is she who is directly responsible for the modern freedom of behaviour and the lack of restraint. It is really she who is "hard-boiled." When one sees sometimes to what lengths she will go, one wonders who invented the term—modesty.

Now it seems that men are getting their own back, and with it comes a revival of romance. The spirit is apparent in the new novels (that are ceasing to dissect sex as though it were a malignant though fascinating disease), in the new era of house decoration and architecture and in fashion itself. It is echoed in hats as well as frocks, and it is interesting to see the plumed, almost "picture" style which, curiously enough, Patou and Molyneux both launched. It is a small-brimmed model with a swirl of ostrich feathers round the crown which trails down on to the right shoulder. Patou's model is illustrated here. Molyneux showed a similar type with a coq's feather which was worn with a very striking black ensemble.

Patou revives the picture hat of other days. He takes the lightest of black chiffon felts and swirls ostrich plumes round the brim to fall on the right shoulder. Model Jean Patou

Hats very often grow a small brim which completely hides the face on one side and then reveals it entirely on the other to the roots of the hair. Most of them are gay little affairs, debonair in character as though to keep the frocks from becoming too serious. The small draped hat with the beret influence is really ubiquitous, and the way it is pulled at the side or back depends on the face it frames. It is often trimmed with a touch of breitzwantz or ermine to key it up with the coat fur with which it is worn. Suzanne Talbot showed some amusing little caps for sports wear—one small felt with a doubled fringe of the same trimming it and another made of plaited strips of leather, which made it much lighter to wear.

More and more couturiers are becoming modistes, for in the really successful ensemble the hat is all a part of the picture. And the ensemble has returned to its supreme point of elegance. The coat, either short, three-quarters, or long, with its slightly flaunting basque, high fur

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BINNIE COMES BACK

Binnie Hale, who returns to the stage in the name-part of "Nippy," a Julian Wylie and Moss Empires production, which is being given a preliminary canter in the provinces before coming to the West End. As the title implies, the chief character is a tea-shop waitress

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph by Howard and Joan Coster*

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 590)

Above is seen a view of the Palacio Hotel at Estoril, the delightful resort on the coast of Portugal, which is an ideal autumn and winter resort for those who are in search of renewed health or of amusement. Below is seen a view of the picturesque seaboard where the bathing is both delightful and safe. The surrounding country is most attractive, and Estoril itself offers so many diverse attractions that it has definitely put the Portuguese Riviera "on the map" as a health and pleasure centre

ESTORIL: The Portuguese Riviera

ESTORIL, which lies on the Atlantic shore, about fifteen miles to the west of Lisbon, may well be called the jewel of the Portuguese Riviera, for it presents an unforgettable impression of beauty.

ESTORIL is blessed with an ideal climate, a wealth of sunshine coupled with a minimum of rain, so that it has every advantage not only of a pleasure ground but of an ideal autumn health resort. This latter is enhanced by a spring of mineral medicinal water, which is of great value for the successful treatment of gout, rheumatism, sciatica and neuritis, as well as of diseases of the blood, of the gastric and intestinal systems, and certain diseases of women, children, and the skin. Its spa has the most modern appliances for the use of heat, light, massage and electricity in the treatment of the ills for which they have been found invaluable. For those who use winter resorts for pleasure, Estoril offers all the accepted desiderata, with a novel background of scenery. In the Casino, which is open all the year round, the recognised games of chance are played, while beneath its roof it contains a theatre and cinema and a restaurant.

FOR the lovers of outdoor games there is a golf links of nine holes, tennis courts and a racecourse, while the walks and excursions in the neighbourhood include both the picturesque and the magnificent—the former including the historical estate of Penha Longa, where King John I founded the Chapel of Invocation to Our Lady of the Victory, and the latter "Hell's Mouth," a wide grotto cut in the rocks. All round, however, there are places which no visitor will willingly omit to see.

"O," and have arrived at the word "ouvrier." As a definition, Poincaré suggested, "A man or woman who rents his services, by means of a salary, for industrial or agricultural labour." His suggestion was adopted, to the horror of Lucien Descaves, of the Académie Goncourt, who thinks the definition much too narrow. They are now calling each other cruel things.

THE present literary fad, with its consequent discussions, is the novel of peasant life, and studies of the people called "populisme." This will probably seep into all the arts, and I am reminded of a story. One day Maurice de Rothschild, much to his surprise (but it served him right, because he was following a grande dame whom he held in great admiration and esteem), found himself in the studio of Georges Scott, the painter. Once there, there was nothing to do but to buy a picture, and the one he selected was a study of a peasant. After the transaction the artist, taking a last look at his canvas, said, "These poor, simple people are really the happiest of all. They have no money and its cares." To which Rothschild replied, "We, we prefer our cares."

Maurice de Rothschild in the studio of Georges Scott, the painter

Women are more beautiful these days thanks to Pond's

Life at a faster tempo, dancing into the small hours, driving in open cars, and shopping in the dust of modern conditions—yet you will see finer skins and lovelier complexions than more gracious ages could boast . . . . a paradox that is resolved by a glance at any of hundreds of modern dressing-tables.

Here you will see two opal jars, a crystal bottle of severely modern design, and a quaintly conceived box (*Pond's Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream, Skin Freshener and Cleansing Tissues*). That is all.

The *Pond's Cold Cream* dissolves and floats to the surface those tiny accumulations of dust which gather in the pores where soap and water cannot reach them, spoiling the freshness of the complexion and hindering the natural processes which keep the skin healthy and youthful. Draw two of *Pond's Cleansing Tissues* from their box, and wipe away the soiled cream and impurities. Notice how gossamer-soft and absorbent the tissues are. Discard them when used.

Now take a pad of cotton wool, soak it in *Pond's Skin Freshener*, and pat it briskly on the face. This mild astringent is wonderfully exhilarating, and brings a glow of natural colour to the cheeks. Follow this with a touch of *Pond's Vanishing Cream* to protect the delicate skin from dust and the weather and to give it an attractive bloom, to which powder clings evenly and lastingly, and your toilet is complete.

If you have not already been introduced to Pond's Beauty Preparations, we shall be pleased to send you a box containing carefully packed samples of *Pond's Cold Cream, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener* and *Vanishing Cream*. The Coupon is for your convenience.

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Please send me your special sample Box containing *Pond's Cold Cream, Pond's Vanishing Cream* and your two new preparations, *Pond's Cleansing Tissues* and *Pond's Skin Freshener*, for which I enclose Postal Order for 6d.

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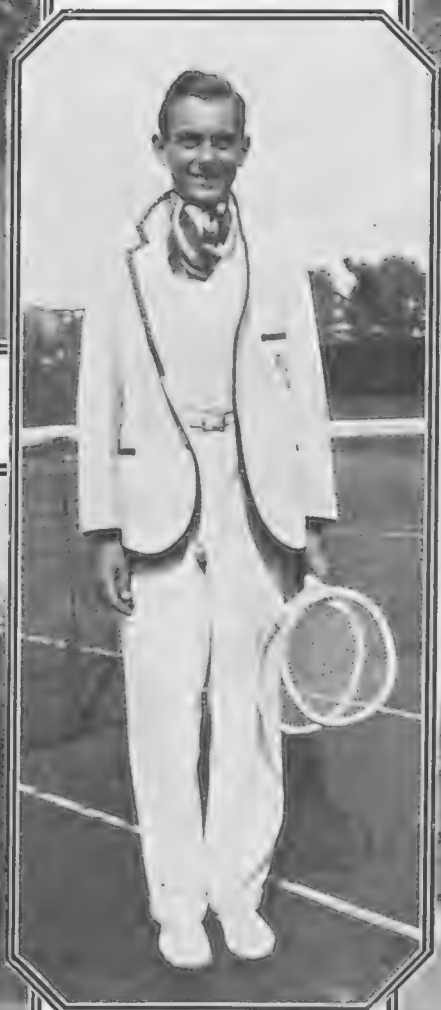
Juvenile LAWN TENNIS Champions

MISS KATHLEEN STAMMERS

A triple winner in the Hertfordshire Junior Championships. In the fourth round of the singles at Wimbledon she lost to Miss E. H. Kennedy

MISS THELMA NUTHALL

The thirteen-year-old sister of Betty and Jimmy Nuthall. Both she and her sister Molly were beaten in the early stages of the singles



D. G. FRESHWATER

Of University College School, one of the most promising of the boy players at Wimbledon last week. He was "tipped" as the probable winner by many discerning judges

Photographs MISS PATRICIA BRAZIER

The Worthing schoolgirl who won the Schoolgirls' Tournament at Queen's Club last month. Her performance in the singles of the Junior Championships last week stamp her as a young player who should go far

MISS MARY WHITMARSH *D. Stuart*

The youngest player to win the Surrey Junior Championships since Miss Betty Nuthall. She was beaten in the second round of the Junior Championships by Miss J. R. Hardman an Irish player of considerable skill

The large entry for the Junior Lawn Tennis Championships, which took place at Wimbledon last week, afforded ample proof that the standard of play among the young people of to-day is definitely on the up-grade. Included in the large field were many players who, if they continue as well in the future, will be seen in the Championships here in a few years' time

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BOOKS AND PEOPLE

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING VIRTUOUS

By Ralph Straus

IF you read an amusingly provocative little essay by Archibald Lyall, called *It Isn't Done* (Kegan Paul: 2*s.* 6*d.*)—it is a volume in that ever-green To-day and To-morrow series—you will be told that "the taboo upon vice, or alleged vice, in the British Isles probably owes its origin to that struthious reluctance to acknowledge the existence of unpleasant things which is the common heritage of the human race." "There are few things," he very justly adds, "more unpleasant than the thought of other people enjoying something in which one is not allowed to indulge oneself."

THAT taboo, indeed, is still very much to the fore—outside the big cities, though in Metropolitan areas, as Mr. Lyall points out, a queer sort of anti-taboo is becoming prominent. Your real female native of Bloomsbury or Chelsea (two districts with but a single thought), now prides herself not only on her bad language, but also upon her expert knowledge of every vice under the sun. And the poor dear really believes that she *knows*. She will even sprinkle her conversation with scores of pseudo-medical terms. And to her a work of fiction which does not parade a new vice can rarely be anything but terribly dull.

AND it is a fact that the new books are becoming curiouser and curiouser. Take, for instance, *Revelation* (Gollancz: 6*s.*). It is a translation (by Una, Lady Troubridge) of a book by the French dramatist, André Birabeau. It is a very beautiful book, which you cannot read unmoved, but I do not suppose that even ten years ago there would have been the smallest chance of an English translation seeing the light.

Why? Because the theme is "delicate," almost alarmingly delicate: it deals with one of those things which everybody knows exists, but about which most people agree to support a conspiracy of silence. In this case the "revelation" comes to a mother who worships her son. He is only a youngster, barely twenty, when he is killed in a motor accident—a likeable boy, about whom everybody has always spoken well. Her grief, of course, is acute, but it is tempered by the knowledge that his life had been wholly unsullied. And then she finds amongst his effects a packet of intimate letters written to him by a man. It is impossible to misunderstand their import, and the poor woman feels that her whole world has been defiled.

IT is a dreadful revelation, and as the days pass, her agony of soul only increases. Finally, she determines to destroy the "monster" who has destroyed her son. She buys a revolver, and beards the man in his own house. And he turns out to be the grave and gentle soul who had helped her at the time of the boy's death, and who since that day had been keeping his memory green—a man whom it is impossible to hate. And instead of ridding the world of a "monster," she agrees to see him again, so that they may talk of her son.

Very easily indeed this book might have been a thing of mud. As it is, written very simply and without a touch of prurience, it should not distress even those who regard Bloomsbury, to say nothing of Chelsea, as next-door neighbours to Hades.

In this country a "vice" which had nothing to do with matters of sex used to be no vice at all: but of late years drugging has come to be included in

MISS ROSITA FORBES

The noted explorer and author, who in private life is Mrs. McGrath. Her latest book, "One Flesh," is published by Cassell at 7s. 6d.

LAURANCE MAYNARD

Whose book, "The Pig is Fat," is reviewed this week. It tells the story of life in an American prison

the category, presumably, I suppose, because it is so difficult to remain respectable when "charged" with the "junk." You notice how easily I use the technical terms, but that is because I have just finished reading a novel, written by a man who has just been released from prison, and about a man who spends most of his life in prison owing to his activities as a drug "pusher."

THIS book—*The Pig is Fat* (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Laurance Maynard—is extraordinarily interesting, not only because it illustrates the amazing differences between prison life in America and here, but also because it gives what seems to be an entirely unexpurgated account of the real underworld as contrasted with that slightly more theatrical arena which passes for it on the films. The author is not writing his autobiography, but you feel that every one of his pages is "the real thing." Cokey Ben is no caricature, there are probably hundreds of men like him in American prisons to-day. His first time in "stir" was due more to bad luck (and the political bosses) than anything else, and if he had not had the misfortune to meet Jew Murphy and be introduced to the delights of cocaine, he might well have settled down virtuously enough with his Lou.

But cocaine will not suffer its authority to be divided, and though Benny makes more than one effort, and Lou herself does her best to save him, we leave the poor wretch in his cell, a mockery of a man, and no longer able to understand the extent of his misfortunes. To even my mind this is a very remarkable book, and, perhaps, the best of its kind which has ever been imported.

(*Continued on page 598*)

BUCHANAN'S

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"BUCHANAN'S LIQUEUR"

JAMES BUCHANAN & CO. LTD. LONDON & GLASGOW.

By Harold Beards

Householder: "You've borrowed every tool I've got in the house. What do you want now?"
Plumber: "A bath towel and a piece of soap, ma'am!"

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (*continued from page* 596)

Are there too many women about? It is not I who ask the question, but Mr. Henry Savage, whose *How to Manage Our Women* (Toulmin: 7*s.* 6*d.*) is not in the least the kind of book which will be of any assistance to henpecked husbands. In fact, he himself admits that it is a "deception." So far as I can make out, Mr. Savage, who has several friends in the painting trade, really tried to write a serious sociological book. He proposed to tell us exactly how women should be treated. None of your he-man stuff, and none of your remembering to notice the new frock—just good, sound advice as to how to put the creatures in their proper place.

And the creatures, impinging, as it were, on his work, coolly and devastatingly, and without apparent trouble, prevented him from doing anything of the kind. They just invited him to their house, and behaved in the usual feminine way. That is to say, they gave parties at his expense, and occasionally cooked an egg, also at his expense, and sometimes even went so far as a little flirting, at anybody's expense except their own. So the book on their management hung fire, and poor Mr. Savage was reduced to telling us about his manifold sorrows.

There is some fun to be got from this go-as-you-please book, but I cannot honestly say that it is quite so brilliant as it might have been. Once or twice the jokes are a little threadbare, and the passages which are supposed to be naughty are not so very naughty after all. Nevertheless, I admit that the book is not without its lesson. It will pay even an author to be virtuous—occasionally. Or, if not virtuous, at least *tidy*. (If a studio is lent to you, it is advisable to remove all signs of the previous "model" before the new one arrives.) Incidentally, Mr. Aubrey Hammond illustrates the book, though it is to be noted that his considerable figure is not permitted to stroll into the text.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Kowtow. By Princess der Ling. (Chapman and Hall: 7s. 6d.)
Second Storm. By Morris Sutherland. (Thornton Butterworth: 7s. 6d.)
Intrigue Island. By Arthur Mills. (Collins: 7s. 6d.)
Masquerade. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick. (Collins: 7s. 6d.)
Can You Solve It? By Arthur Hirschberg. (Hutchinson: 2s. 6d.)
Amphion. By Dudley Harbron. (J. M. Dent: 6s.)
Chin Wag. By Anthony Crossley. (Christopher: 10s. 6d.)
The Consoling Angel. By Florizel von Reuter. (The Physic Press: 3s. 6d.)
Ex-Soldier's We Are Dead. By William Mackay. (A. L. Marriott: 7s. 6d.)
Quite Contrary. By Paul Bloomfield. (John Lane: 6s.)
Leave It To Susan. By K. R. G. Browne. (Cassell: 7s. 6d.)
Sir John Hawkins. By Philip Gosse. (John Lane: 12s. 6d.)
Nero. By Arthur Weigall. (Thornton Butterworth: 21s.)
Ships and Shipping. By E. P. Harnack. (The De La More Press: 7s. 6d.)
Roads to Glory. By Richard Aldington. (Chatto and Windus: 7s. 6d.)
There is a Tide. By Agnes Logan. (Nisbet: 7s. 6d.)
May and December. By Sydney W. Powell. (Hutchinson: 7s. 6d.)
The Actor's Knife. By Howell Evans. (Jarrold; 7s. 6d.)
Spleen. By Olive Moore. (Jarrold: 7s. 6d.)

A new kind of detective story has made its appearance which may amuse even those who do not like detective stories at all. If you take up *The Big Ben Alibi* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Neil Gordon, you will find nothing going quite as it should do. A literary agent dares to tell two writers of thrillers that the public is sick and tired of their work. And this at a time when one of them has just invented the perfect alibi for his next murderer! Very well, then, if the public will not have their books, it shall have a real murder instead. And who better for a murderee than the literary agent? But the affair does not go quite in the way they intended. In fact, it goes so queerly wrong that the reader will find himself just as mystified as the two authors. All of which, I need hardly add, is due to a masterful young woman who butts in at the most inconvenient moment. It is a jolly yarn.

I must add a word about *Journalism as a Career* (Pitman: 5*s.*), edited by W. T. Cranfield, for others besides the would-be journalists for whom it is primarily written will find it of unusual interest. The exciting things that go on while a newspaper or magazine is being produced; the kind of salary that men and women who "write for the papers" may hope to receive; and the "plums" which occasionally come their way—these are some of the subjects which a brilliant list of contributors (who include Lord Riddell and "R. D. B." of *Diary* fame) treat of in a concise and delightful way. R. S.

ROLLS-ROYCE
ANNOUNCEMENT

The prices of Rolls-Royce chassis remain unaltered

40/50 H.P. PHANTOM II CHASSIS £1900. 20/25 H.P. CHASSIS £1185

These chassis are so superior to all previous Rolls-Royce designs, and their reception by discriminating purchasers has been so remarkable, that their characteristic features are unchanged.

A number of minor modifications have, during the current year, been introduced into both chassis in accordance with the usual Rolls-Royce practice. These give greater refinement and still further improved performance.

The 20/25 h.p. chassis is now available with longer wheel base and body frame, together with increased rake to steering column and larger steering wheel.

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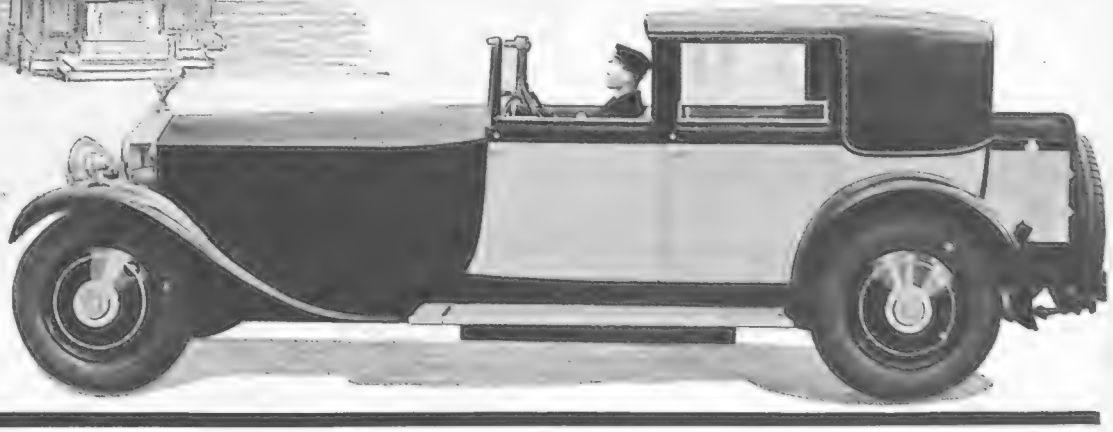

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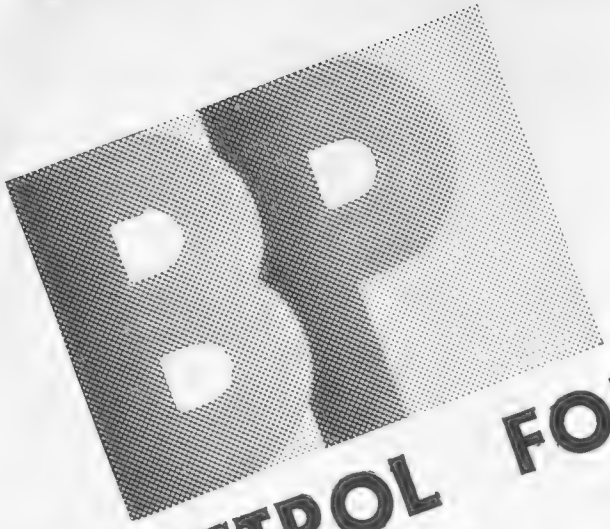

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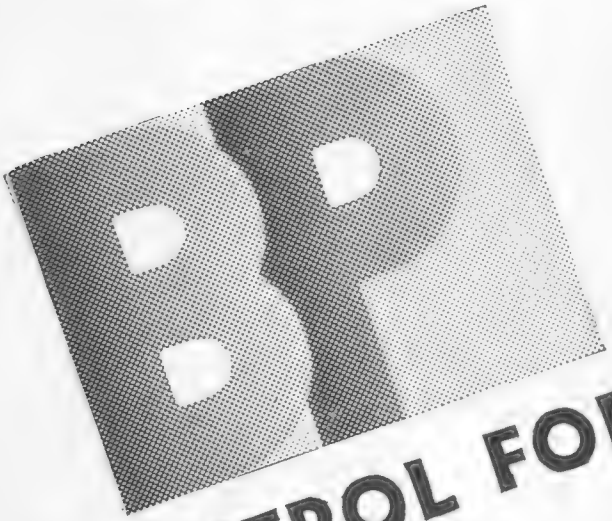
Your car has been standing in the garage all night. The engine is dead and cold. But you switch on confidently. And at the first touch on the starter—it's off! So easily does your engine suck in those 'lighter fractions' of BP—even when turning over slowly!

PETROL FOR ACCELERATION

You are driving in traffic. You want to nip round a bus. As your foot goes down on the accelerator, your engine is up and at it at once—swinging you swiftly, smoothly, forward. The 'high overall volatility' of BP means lightning acceleration!



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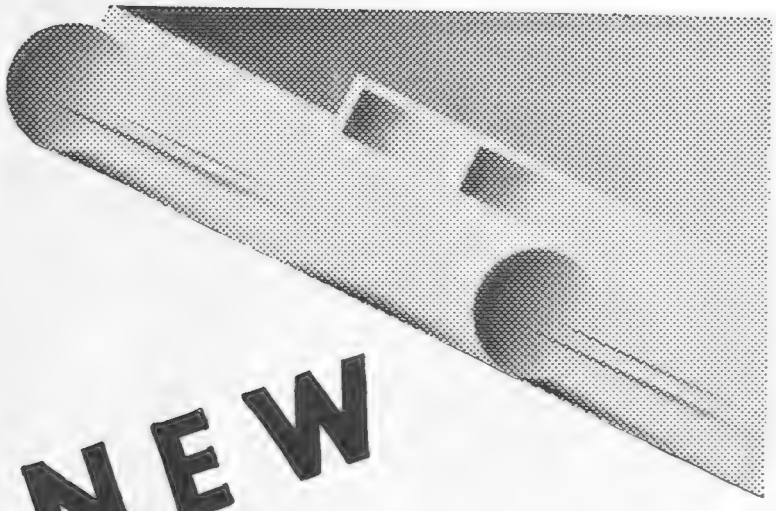
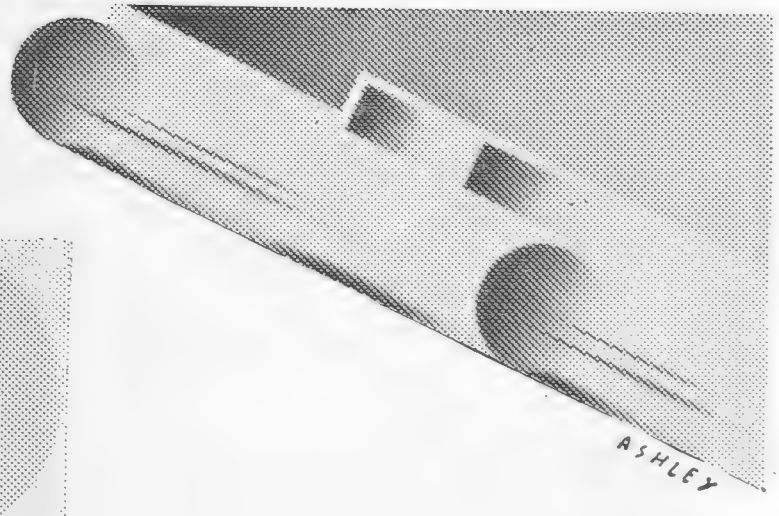
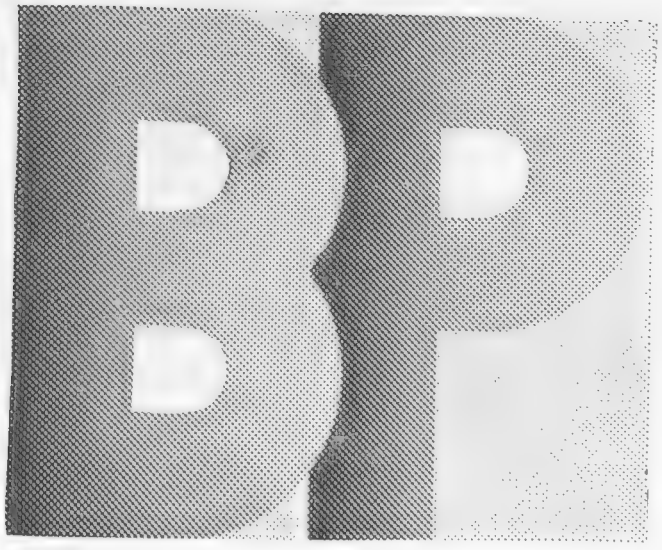


IN THE NEW





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Saloon	£130 0 0	£140
Fabric Saloon ...	130 0 0	140
Tourer	122 10 0	130
2 seater	122 10 0	130
12 H.P.		
Burnham Saloon...	299 0 0	320
Marlow Fabric Saloon 4 window	299 0 0	310
Wycombe Fabric Saloon 6 window	299 0 0	320
Watford Fabric Saloon	275 0 0	275
New Open Road Tourer 5 seater	275 0 0	255
Eton 2 seater	275 0 0	255

16 H.P.	NEW PRICE	OLD PRICE
Burnham Saloon...	£335 0 0	£375
Beaconsfield Fabric Saloon 4 window...	335 0 0	365
Salisbury Fabric Saloon 6 window...	335 0 0	375
New Open Road Tourer 5 seater	310 0 0	310
Harrow 2 seater ...	310 0 0	310
20 H.P.		
Ranelagh	575 0 0	630
Carlton Saloon ...	525 0 0	560
Marlborough Landaulet	525 0 0	560

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MOTOR NOTES

RECORDS PAST AND PRESENT

By E. M. Wright

WHEN at times we grumble at the comparatively minor shortcomings of modern cars an excellent corrective is to look back on the amazing progress which has been made in the short space of a little over thirty years. Merely to recall the speeds which in their day were thought to be epoch-making is sufficient to remind us of how far we have advanced. An excellent honour board, which has just been erected in the club rooms of the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club, not only reminds present-day motorists of past achievements, but should spur those seeking world honours to go forth and do still greater things, for it gives a complete list of the world's land speed records established since the first authenticated attempt in 1898.

***

IT is difficult nowadays to believe that a mere 39.24 m.p.h. ever stood as a world's record, yet this was the dizzy speed achieved in 1898 by Chasseloup-Laubat on a Jeantaud, a make long since forgotten, and, incidentally, not a motor car at all but an electrically driven vehicle. Still more remarkable, however, is the fact that during 1899—only a year later—the record jumped from just over 41 m.p.h. to 65.82 m.p.h., at which figure it stood till 1902.

***

THEN ended a fierce struggle between two makes of electric car during which each alternately broke the record of the other no fewer than five times in one year. It was then the turn of the steam car which, however, enjoyed a still briefer innings. Successful in 1902, it was for a time ousted by the internal-combustion-engined motor car. In 1906, however, a Stanley steam car staged a brilliant "come-back," with a record of 121.57 m.p.h. (the first time 120 m.p.h. had been exceeded). But this was its last fling. Like the electric car it vanished from the scene. It was not until 1902 that the first genuine "motor car," a Mors, won the record with a speed of 76.08 m.p.h. Two years later 100 m.p.h. had been exceeded. Sixteen years later the record was over 150 m.p.h.; while it is only three years since Segrave raised it to more than 200 m.p.h.

***

SOME records have been broken almost as soon as they were made. Others have stood for years. Five, for instance, were established in 1899 and again in 1904. But, for eight years, from 1911 to 1919—four of them, of course, being war years—the record remained at 144.73 m.p.h. Since then it has never stood still very long, though Segrave's final achievement of 231.44 m.p.h. at Daytona last year is still unshaken eighteen months after it was made. In the last ten years the record has been broken no fewer than fourteen times, and on eleven occasions by British drivers. Thanks chiefly to the brilliant exploits of Segrave and Campbell and to the wonderful cars they drove, we have time and again swept the board. Before the War we were nowhere. Since the War we have led the world.

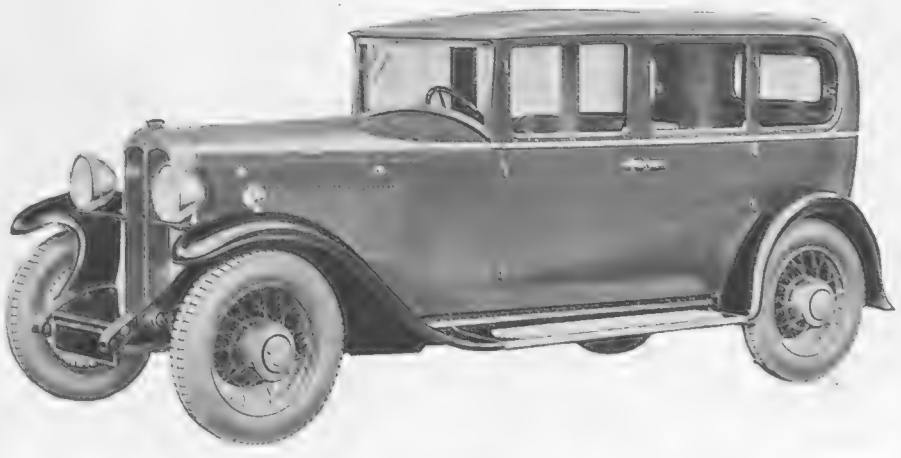
***

MANY of the makes which won fame in their day have long since passed into oblivion. Others, though nowadays never regarded as racing cars, are infinitely better known than when they were world champions. How many, for instance, even among racing "fans," know that the Ford was once the fastest car in the world? How many, too, know that Henry Ford himself was the Segrave of his day and the first man to achieve an international record at Daytona, where, in 1903, he covered the flying mile at 91.37 m.p.h.? Incidentally, this was the first *mile* record, for all previous records had been measured over the kilometre. Ever since 1903 Daytona has been by far the most popular venue for these world attempts—even, indeed, before the War. Brooklands has been the scene of four successful attempts. Four records, too, have been made on Pendine Sands. Daytona, however, can claim twelve.

An enclosed limousine "Speed Six" Bentley chassis. It was built under the new panelled Weymann construction by Messrs. J. Gurney Nutting and Co., Ltd., at their new factory at Lacland Road, Chelsea

New Programmes

NOT a day now goes by without its new programme. The Singer people, for instance, announce a new Ten; the Hillman Company have brought out a new Straight Eight; and the Citroën concern are offering their Four and their Six at greatly reduced prices. In adding a 10 h.p. four-cylinder to their present range the Singer people have returned to an early love, for the original 10 h.p. model introduced nearly twenty years ago was the first genuine light car to be produced. Many improvements have been added to the Junior, the Six and the Super Six, chief among which is the standardisation of a four-speed gear box on every car throughout the range, including



The new Hillman "Vortic" Eight Saloon. Equipped with the new "Traffic Top" silent gear, central change with an "Easy-reach" gear lever, this coachbuilt saloon costs only £425

MOTOR NOTES (continued)

the Junior and, of course, the new Ten. Prices in some cases have been reduced, the Junior saloon now selling at £150. Thermostatically controlled radiators of a new design are now fitted to both the Six and the Super-Six, and the lighting, throttle and ignition controls are grouped together on the steering wheel.

***

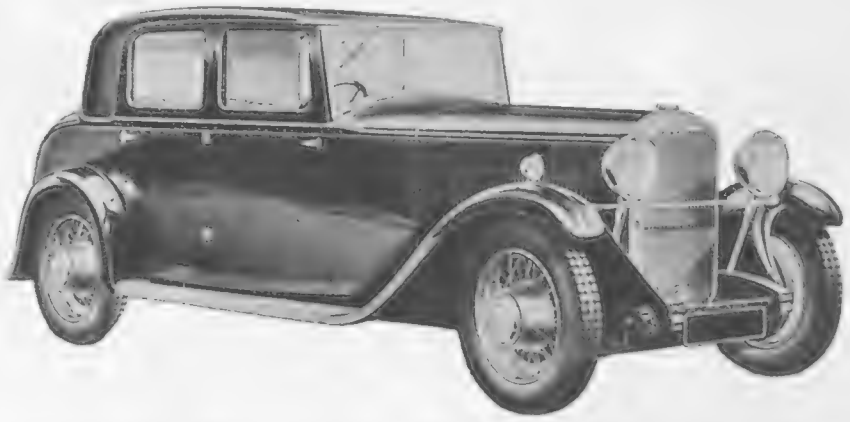
IN addition to introducing a new Straight Eight model, to be called the "Vortic," the Hillman Company announce big cuts in the price of the present Straight Eight, which now sells at only £355 for the saloon, being the lowest-priced Straight Eight of any nationality on the British market. The 1931 version of the Straight Eight has much better acceleration and increased smoothness and silence. The Vortic, listed at £425 for the saloon, the only model at present available, has a central change, four-speed gear box with a silent third, or "Traffic Top" ratio. Other important features of its layout are thermostatically operated shutters, Marles steering (which can be fitted for either right or left-hand drive) and four-wheel duo-servo brakes.

***

THE 1931 four-cylinder 12.8 h.p. Citroën, though retaining many features of the previous 12.8 h.p. model, is in effect a new car. It has a new radiator, new front and rear axles, new steering, and a new type of gear box. Most important of all, the saloon now sells for £185, as compared with £255 for last year's model. Similar price reductions have been effected in the 19.3 h.p. six-cylinder range, the price of the saloon being now £235 as compared with £298. The recent reorganisation of this concern's English factory at Slough will permit of largely increased production.

***

THE Wolseley Company announce an entirely new Six of 15.7 h.p. The "Viper," as it is called, is available in two body styles, a fabric saloon costing £285 and the coachbuilt saloon at £299. Each has four doors and six lights, while the former has a built-in luggage container. Thermostatically operated shutters are fitted to the radiator, the filler cap of which, by the way, is underneath the bonnet. The recently introduced Hornet Six is now available with a long or a short chassis at prices ranging from £175 to £195. Heavy reductions are announced in the prices of both the 16-45 h.p. and the 21-60 h.p. models, the County saloons now costing £375 and £445 respectively.



The new Humber 16/50 h.p. Sports Saloon. This very attractive model is priced at £460

False Economy

IT is the poorest form of economy to use unnamed nondescript brands of petrol. The few pence saved in buying such stuff may easily involve cheese-paring motorists in expensive engine repairs. It is well worth sticking to recognised national brands. Not only have they a name to live up to, but the makers have also the necessary resources and experience to ensure that the petrol they market shall be scientifically prepared. Such is the advice of the B.P. concern, and it is advice which I heartily endorse. If any reader is still unconvinced, let him squander one of the pennies he imagines he saves on a postcard to the British Petroleum Co. (Britannic House, Moorgate, E.C.2) who will send him gratis an amusingly illustrated brochure, "Motor Spirit is Funny Stuff," which should show him the error of his ways.

E. M. W.

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For the lean cruisers at Cowes, the sleek carriages of Paris, for the engines of eager aircraft, but one oil is acknowledged worthy. Named Castrol, it assumed leadership many years ago. By sheer performance it attained supremacy; by constant improvement its pre-eminence is maintained by the Britons who make it. Yet Castrol costs no more than lesser oils—it is as popular on the coast roads as in Piccadilly.

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1930

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1. No applications for tickets can be entertained except at the racecourses on days when racing is taking place.

2. A list of horses left in after forfeit (9th September, 1930) will be exhibited outside the windows, and the backer must state clearly the names of his horses in the double he wishes to back, and the number of 10/- tickets he requires.

3. The bets registered will be dealt with as a separate totalisator pool apart from the ordinary totalisator pools on these two races and 10 per cent. will be deducted by the Board from the total pool before division amongst the winners. The balance will be divided equally between tickets on the winning combination and will be paid on application at the Board's offices, 67, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1, on and after Monday, 3rd November, 1930.

4. In the event of there being no bet on the winning combination, the pool (less percentage deduction) will be divided equally amongst the tickets which include either of the winning horses.

5. Provided a ticket is taken on or before 10th October, 1930, a refund of 9/- per ticket will be made to backers of a combination containing a horse which does not start in the Cesarewitch or a horse which is scratched from the Cambridgeshire before noon on the 15th October, 1930. No refund whatever will be made on tickets taken on or after 11th October, 1930.

LIST OF RACECOURSES WHERE TICKETS FOR THE DOUBLE EVENT ON THE CESAREWITCH AND CAMBRIDGESHIRE WILL BE AVAILABLE:

	1930.		1930.
Ripon	September 13	*Newmarket*	September 30, October 1, 2, 3
Fontwell Park	September 15	*Monmouth*	October 1, 2
Yarmouth	September 17, 18	*Thirsk*	October 3, 4
Newton Abbot	September 17	*Stratford-on-Avon*	October 4
Ayr	September 17, 18, 19	*Nottingham*	October 6, 7
Windsor	September 19, 20	*Chepstow*	October 8, 9
Bogside	September 20	*Fontwell Park*	October 8, 9
Leicester	September 22, 23	*Pontefract*	October 8, 9
Brighton	September 22, 23	*Kempton Park*	October 10, 11
Gatwick	September 24, 25	*Haydock Park*	October 10, 11
Taunton	September 24, 25	*Kelso*	October 10, 11
Perth	September 24, 25	*Wincanton*	October 11
York	September 24, 25	*Wye*	October 13
Newbury	September 26, 27	*Uttoxeter*	October 13
Lanark	September 26, 27	*Newmarket*	October 14, 15
Birmingham	September 29	*Hexham*	October 15
Hamilton Park	September 29, 30		

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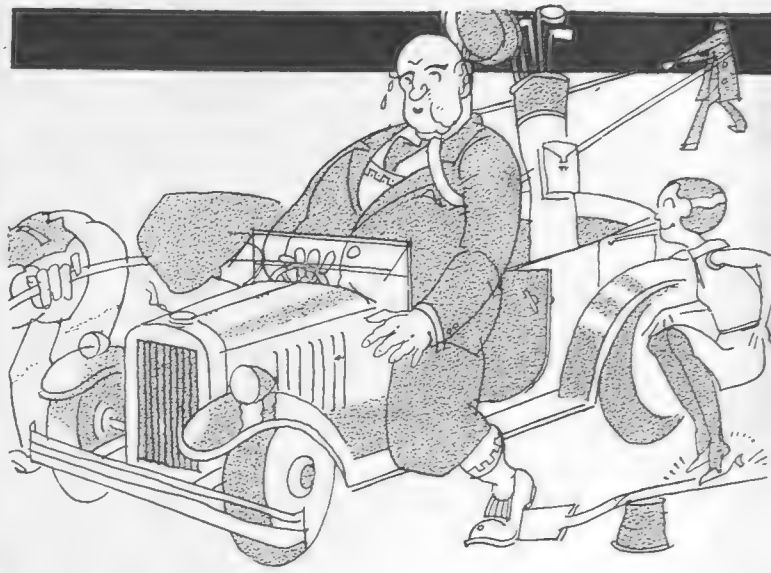

"And after lots of shouts and groans They get dear papa in"

But seriously, ...

Life's misfits are so readily derided by all of us; yet could some of us see ourselves as others see us, we should consult the mirror more frequently—particularly in the matter of headwear.

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Sport and General

Guns in action during the Dorset Retriever Field Trial Society's Trials. They took place at Langton House, Blandford, last week

OUR ROYAL GAME SHOTS By "Clodhopper"

A HIGHLANDMAN who resides in a charming spot near Crathie, and who, by the way, is a very keen shooting man and angler, has sent me quite a budget of interesting sporting news from the North. He says that the King has been making the most of the spell of fine weather between grouse shooting on the moors that encircle Balmoral Castle and salmon fishing on the Dee. His Majesty has proved himself to be still a past-master in either art, though more careful than he was wont to be in regard to over-exertion in the shooting field.

ONE is frequently asked: "Which member of the Royal Family is the best game-shot?" The King, most decidedly. Prince Henry is also quite good at driven birds; while the Duke of York is a "fair average" shot. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales is by no means so keen on small game-shooting as are his Royal father and brothers. In point of fact, the Prince, during his recent African tour, evinced greater interest in the photographic side of big-game hunting than in procuring record heads and specimens by means of the rifle.

IT was on the famous Scottish Dee that King George received his first lesson in the art of salmon fishing from an old Crathie water bailiff of vast experience in matters piscatorial. In common with the great majority of neophytes, the Royal angler's style, and method, of playing his maiden salmon were not up to the orthodox standard, such as was appreciated by his bucolic, but somewhat hypercritical, guide and mentor. In any case local tradition declares that the worthy gillies' comments on his august pupil's manipulation of a double-handed salmon rod were both caustic and uncourtly. But the princely fish was eventually brought to gaff and the dour gillie bountifully rewarded.

DEER stalking, which is now in full swing, has, very rightly, been called the premier sport of the Scottish Highlands. Grouse shooting has extraordinary fascinations, but, in comparison with stalking the true wild red stag over miles, perchance, of rough, boulder-strewn, hilly ground to the remote glens and corries which afford him harbourage at this season, the former branch of shooting is tame enough.

Sport and General

A collection of one-day-old pheasant chicks. They were reared at Pankridge Farm, Prestwood, in Buckinghamshire

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

A VERDICT ON SHORT BARRELS

SO many sportsmen are now armed with guns having the new short barrels that an effort might be made during the coming months to settle with some approach to finality whether this is to be the standard length for the future. They come up quicker into the track of the bird, the necessary swing is more readily obtained and they throw the charge a material amount higher than ordinary. The changes involved are not phenomenal, but they are real and for most people should prove to be in the right direction. If, as a result of the strong interest which has been aroused on the subject, some such barrel length as 27 inches should be accepted as full-length, with 25 to 26 inches to represent the acme of handiness, an important advance will have been made. The incidental conveniences of a more compact gun: when stored in a proper size case, in the butts and for general carrying, need no emphasis. When a pair are in use there will be less clicking of barrels—in fact with shorter and thicker tubes dents will be of rare occurrence. To summarise, shooting men are in possession of all the facts necessary for arriving at a decision. Let us have it in unequivocal terms. There are many who await an authoritative lead.

THOUGH deer stalking could not, of course, be described as a poor man's sport, it is by no manner of means in favour with many of what our Socialistic friends are pleased to call the "idle rich," particularly if the cant phrase be taken literally. Deer stalking, like mountaineering, can only be pursued successfully by men, and women, of great energy, good stamina, and excellent eyesight. It is worthy of mention that among the hardiest, and most successful stalkers of to-day are the Duchess of Bedford, Mrs. Richmond, and the Misses Latilla. The prowess of these noted sportswomen with gun and rifle, however, has been previously recorded in our shooting notes.

BUT for the risk of being accidentally shot by such a companion, it might prove an interesting experience to accompany some "toil-ridden" advocate of the new and up-to-date six hours' working day scheme on a long day's stalking under a blazing sun, or in a good old-fashioned, marrow-chilling Scotch mist.

ONE would choose as guide on such occasion a well-seasoned professional stalker, hard as the outcrops of his native hillsides and tireless and agile as a mountain goat. The way should lead over the most trying ground imaginable, such as Her Grace of Bedford, that grand old sportsman the Duke of Portland, and many other famous deer-stalking members of the "idle rich" have often trudged for hours at a stretch to obtain a shot at a stag.

FROM most of the Highland forests stags are reported to be in splendid condition and quite clear of velvet. Weights of 17, 18 and even 20 stone, have already been registered, and, although good heads are, apparently, not so numerous as was the case last year, a couple of Royals, a thirteen-pointer and several eleven-pointers were accounted for in different forests during the first week or ten days of the season.

Same Old Headache Every Afternoon

A Sign of Poisonous Waste Accumulating In Your Body

That same old dull ache in your head every afternoon—that sudden mysterious tired feeling that comes on you before the day is done and sends you home more ready for bed than for your supper—it's one of the surest signs your intestines are falling down on the job and letting the waste matter accumulate. The stored up waste putrefies—setting up toxins and poisons that sap your strength and energy, cause your head to ache and make you feel as if you had lost every friend in the world.

One of the best things you can do for sluggish intestines is to drink a glass of hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning before breakfast. This has a splendid cleansing and stimulating effect upon both the stomach and intestines. You can make the hot water and lemon juice doubly effective by adding a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder.

This is a famous old natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to flush the intestines and to combat the putrefactive processes and acidity. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish. Get about four ounces of Kutnow's Powder from any chemist to start with. Use it faithfully for six or seven days. The change in your condition will amaze you. You'll feel like a new person, improved in appetite, in colour and clearness of complexion. Years will have seemed to be lifted from your shoulders. Every chemist knows of Kutnow's Powder and will be glad to sell you four ounces for a test.

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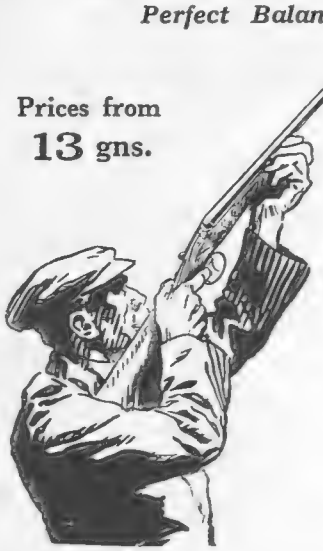

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Fashions Fancies

Exclusive BYSTANDER *photograph* *By Lenare*

TWO VERSIONS OF THE DAYTIME MODE

For the first days of early autumn there is this nigger-brown stockinette suit, very simple in effect, but interesting in detail. The skirt, with its group of box-pleats at one side, has a stitched border, and the coat is edged with rows of embossed stitching repeating the tawny hues of the waistcoat, which is made in a new Rodier fabric. It comes from Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge, who suggest the claret-coloured fancy velour ensemble for colder days. Black Persian lamb enriches the coat, and the upper part of the frock is expressed in heavy marocain

VERSATILE

A Two-in-One Mode

At each of the important collections interest has been focussed upon short coats, which are worn alike with afternoon and evening frocks. In the first instance they are expressed in matching fabric or fur, and in the second—often in velvet or taffetas—sometimes in lamé—and, on occasions, in very large sequins. A novel idea which has much to commend it is that of an English designer who enriches both a long evening wrap and a short jacket with only one set of fur. When the mannequin first entered the room she was wearing a graceful ankle-length coat of rust-coloured panne velvet. Curving upwards in front over a gown of golden lamé it had an upstanding sable collar, with narrow revers continuing down to the waist, and vast sleeves, tucked across the forearm, reaching almost to the hem. Then, as she slipped out of this sumptuous garment, one saw that the fur collar was actually part of a short jacket, wrapped closely round the hips, and having slender ruched sleeves.

Wrapped closely around the hips, this black and gold lamé coat from Woolland's has shaped cuffs and a black fur collar

The long, flowing lines of the new dresses can be perfectly expressed in Courtauld's Courgette —a soft, matt-surfaced crêpe fabric which drapes beautifully

Basques, Sleeves, and Capes

For those whose waist measurements cause them no anxiety there are charming basqued coats in faille and taffetas. They may be either collarless or edged with pinked ruchings, and they fit tightly at the waist, from whence stands out a flared frill. Short sleeves are frequently seen. They are an outcome of the vogue for long, coloured gloves, and, when effective colours are chosen, are undeniably smart. It would be difficult to imagine anything more chic than a flowing dress of black panne worn with perfect fitting black gloves, and complemented by an ermine wrap with a huge collar, a deeply curved hem, and sleeves which terminate just above the elbow. A compromise is effected between long wraps and the hip-length models which have proved so flattering, many designers showing three-quarter-length coats with looped panels at the back falling to the hem of the frock. Capes continue the even tenor of their ways, but the newest version covers the arms and merges into deep revers.

WRAPS

By OLIVE CALEY SMITH

Curved Hems

Printed panne, which is very supple and lustrous, is a fabric which is this season being used with admirable results. Some idea of its charm may be gained from the coat sketched at the foot of this page. Small white stars are massed on a black background, and the curve of the hem is accentuated by a border of soft fur, while the bow at the neck gives it a light appearance. Lined with crêpe de Chine, it comes from Woolland's, of Knightsbridge, where it is available for 9½ guineas. Or it can be made in black panne, lined with white crêpe de Chine, for only 7 guineas. The second coat, which costs 69*s.* 6*d.*, is expressed in black and gold, or black and oxydised lamé, and has an ebon-hued fur collar.

A Noteworthy Event

Soft materials with matt surfaces are enjoying a vogue, and georgette is favoured for both afternoon and evening wear. It is therefore particularly interesting news that Courtauld's have just reduced the prce of their well-known Courgette, which will, in future, cost 4*s.* 11½*d.* instead of 5*s.* 11*d.* a yard. A delightful crêpe fabric, 36-37 inches wide, it is endowed with exceptional wearing qualities, and is obtainable in a wonderful range of colours. It is a splendid fabricating medium for dresses, blouses, and lingerie, and, since it bears Courtauld's house mark, its excellence is assured.

Here may be seen the curved hem-line which distinguishes many of the new coats. Printed panne is used for this model from Woolland's

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FLYING NOTES

SOCIETY TAKES to the AIR By Capt. C. E. Ward

Barratts

Major C. E. M. Pickthorne (left), and Mr. K. G. Murray with the Gypsy Moth in which they will attempt to fly to Australia in record time. Mr. Murray is well known at Brooklands as an aerobatic performer

RUMOUR has it that a second Royal aerodrome is to be constructed for the Princes, this time at Sandringham. Mr. Ernest Guinness has had his "Cutty Sark" over in Ireland, and the pilot caused a bit of a sensation at the municipal airport of Manchester by arriving from the Free State without a passport or the necessary papers for the amphibian. The local Customs Officer got completely out of his depth, but in the end he released the machine with a black mark in its log-book. The Hon. Mrs. Evan Morgan has been touring the Continent in her own light 'plane, visiting Holland, Switzerland and the Riviera. Count J. de Wenckheim has taken delivery of a Mark II Desoutter, intending to use it for general touring in Central Europe. Colonel the Master of Sempill recently made a very fast flight to Stockholm on the Puss Moth seaplane *via* Malmö. He covered the distance of a thousand odd miles from the Welsh Harp to the Swedish capital in a little over 12 hours. A flight such as this, following those of Charles Barnard to Malta and Tangier and the older records of their day by Bert Hinkler on an Avro to Riga, Turin and Rome, indicates the possibilities of the near future for everyone. Step by step the useful range of the light 'plane is increasing. Every practical long-distance flight such as the few mentioned above is of value, by creating confidence in the potential air-line passengers who will follow in the more prosaic "liner."

Talking of "Liners"

THE new Junkers four-engined passenger machine has seats in the wings, card tables, beds, cocktails on ice, and all the paraphernalia of a luxury ship in miniature. Its performance seems excellent—I saw it get off at Schiphol, Amsterdam's municipal airport, before it had passed beyond the tarmac, and in the air it was cruising at round about a hundred. There are rumours that the Dornier DO.X. will call at Southampton en route for America. Everyone is curious to see the flying ship with 12 engines developing 7,000 horse-power, and whether it can be handled comfortably in roughish water. British flying boats are built to stand up to our choppy seas, whereas the Germans have designed mostly for lake and river work, although one must not forget that a Dornier Wal flew the Atlantic *via* Iceland and Greenland recently, without anyone taking any notice until it saluted the statue of Liberty and anchored in New York harbour. A Blackburn "Iris" has been visiting Portugal, and an R.A.F. squadron of "Southamptons" is now touring the Baltic.

Flying in Africa

THE Imperial air route to Central Africa is due to commence at the end of the year, when it will be possible to fly from London to Kisumu in exactly a week. For the benefit of those without an atlas, Kisumu is a port of Lake Victoria Nyanza and distant some twelve hours from Nairobi by train. Early next year the air route will be operating right through to Cape Town, an enormous boon to all British territory on the Eastern side of Africa, and incidentally providing the longest continuous line of air transport in the world, 8,500 miles from London. Flying in Kenya has benefited considerably from the enterprise of Mrs. Wilson and her chief pilot and manager, Captain Campbell Black, who is now on his way back again with another Avro 5 and a load of passengers. Having spent a brief holiday in the sunny South of France, I am certain that the Côte d'Azur is a future "hopping-off" place for Kenya by air. People who get accustomed to the warmth and sunshine can be lured further afield. Ten days or a fortnight of casinos, cocktails and canoe parties, and the enterprising air taximen and air line companies will find plenty of passengers for Egypt, two days away, or Kenya in less than a week, particularly as flying is a tonic guaranteed to cure that tired feeling and make one fit for the next round of gaiety. Three Puss Moths have been shipped to East Africa recently and three to South Africa, where Aeros (Pty.), Ltd., of Johannesburg, are looking after de Havilland interests.

Photopress

Heston Air Park aerodrome has introduced night flying for private owners, one of whom is seen taking off. Every precaution, including flood-lights, navigation lights and wireless 'planes, is being used to make this new venture safe for private owners

DOGS

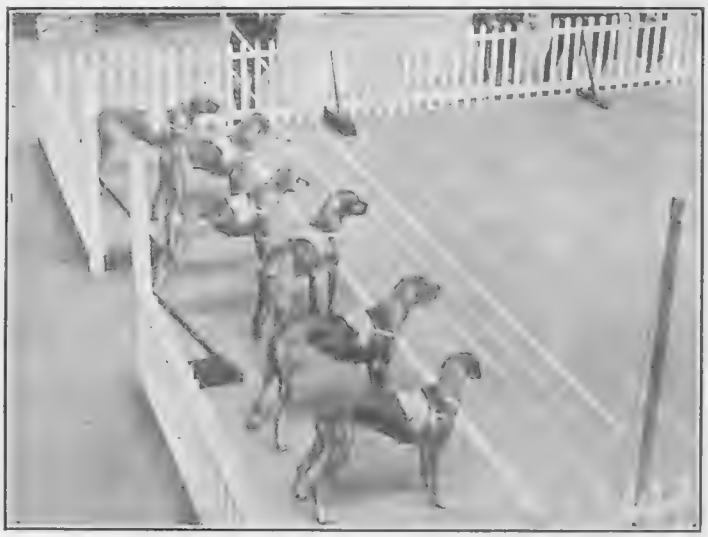
DISTEMPER and its TREATMENT

By Lady Kitty Ritson

THE one-dog owner really need not fear distemper if he is willing to take a little trouble and to use common-sense. It is a terrible scourge in big kennels, for it runs through them like the plague through an Indian village and prevents showing, but for the owner with a pet dog it need not be such a bugbear. You must make up your mind about one thing at the very beginning: are you going to nurse the dog properly and do you realise that the animal must be kept in one temperature for six weeks—by which I mean that there can be no question of its going outside for even two minutes?

THEREFORE you must set aside a room, if you have no out-house or convenient garage or loose box, and it must live in this room until the temperature has been normal for at least three weeks. If you are not prepared to do this, then send the dog to a veterinary surgeon. I knew a woman who kept the dog in a disused bathroom, but put it out every two hours; and she was quite indignant when I told her she was no better than a murderess, which was the bare truth, for, of course, the animal died.

DISTEMPER takes many different forms, of course, and running eyes and noses are not always the most prominent or distinctive symptoms. But if you have a young dog who appears to be suffering from diarrhœa and from sickness, and whose temperature is above normal (which, by the way, is 101 in a dog), you may be pretty sure that it is sickening for distemper. You should prepare a comfortable bed in a garage (empty, of course) or a loose box, cover the floor with sawdust, and make up your mind that the illness will run its course. It is always wiser to call in a vet, but although he can indicate to you the right course to follow, it is on nursing that the successful, or otherwise, results depend. The room must be kept scrupulously clean; in fact, it should be cleaned out at least five or six times a day and disinfected once.



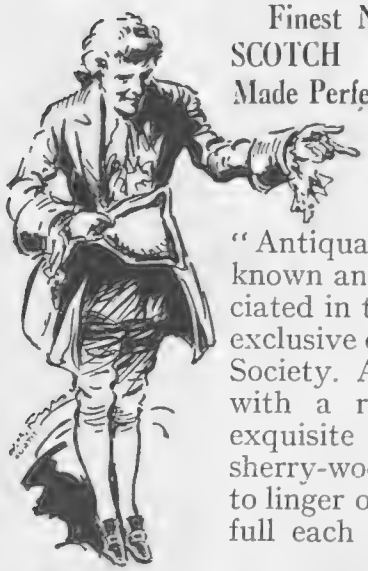
News Illustrations

Dogs lined up at the starting post during a practice before taking part in the first Great Dane Race Meeting held in this country, at Send Manor, Ripley. Prince George's "Champion Midas" won the trial in which he competed here

THE dogs' noses and eyes must be washed with cottonwool dipped in a disinfectant, and if you do not wish the teeth to be discoloured, they should be cleaned every two hours, so as to prevent the discharge accumulating. Some people do not advocate artificial heating, but if you do heat the place, it must be kept at the same temperature during the night as well as during the day.

UNLESS complications set in, nursing distemper is only a matter of routine, cleanliness and patience. Food should be tempting but light. Steamed fish, a little good broth, but nothing like biscuit or meat, at least not until the temperature is normal. It is most important to keep the dog in its sick-room until the temperature has been normal for at least three weeks.

The "Antiquary"



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THE GOURMET — By Emilia

Sole aux Champignons

ONE large sole; 8 ozs. mushrooms; 6 ozs. breadcrumbs; 3 ozs. butter; ½ tablespoonful parsley; one egg. Peel and chop half the quantity of mushrooms. Place them in a basin with the breadcrumbs, butter and egg. Mix all thoroughly. Season with salt and pepper, and sprinkle in the parsley. Place the sole on a tin, run a sharp knife down the centre from head to tail. Slip the knife down each side close to the bone and make a species of pocket for the stuffing. Place an equal quantity of the mixture in the basin on either side. Where the slit was made from head to tail place the remaining mushrooms. Brush over with melted butter and bake in a greased tin very slowly for half an hour, and serve.

Filets de Bœuf à la Béarnaise

TAKE a piece of the undercut of the sirloin; cut it into neat fillets, sprinkle them with pepper and salt, and cook them with a little butter on a tin in the oven, but do not let them be overdone; add a piece of glaze the size of a walnut, and when dissolved turn the fillets over it. Cut some potatoes into small balls, fry in butter till done and of a golden colour. Dress the fillets round the potatoes heaped up in the middle of the dish, with the following sauce over the fillets: rub a saucepan with a clove of garlic and put into it four shallots with a tumblerful of water, and half that quantity of tarragon vinegar; let the whole boil till reduced to one tumblerful; strain the liquor and let it get cold. Take the strained yolks of three eggs and mix gradually with the above liquor, add salt to taste and two ounces of fresh butter. Stir this mixture over a slow fire till it thickens, then add a teaspoonful of finely minced tarragon.

Dîner

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TAKE three anchovies, washed and pounded, with a small piece of ham and chicken. Make a very good curry sauce and mix all together. Stir over the fire till nearly boiling. Fry small rounds of bread and spread the mixture on them. Serve hot, with a little grated cheese (mixed with butter) on the top. Heat for five minutes before serving.

TWO SEASONABLE SWEETS

Crême Caramel

PUT 1 oz. of castor sugar into a stewpan with one tablespoonful of water and allow it to boil quickly until it becomes a dark golden colour. Pour the caramel into a dry mould, run it round the mould until thoroughly coated. When set, pour in the following: Boil 1½ pints of milk, add 1 oz. of castor sugar and some lemon-peel. Cook for ten minutes, remove the lemon-rind, and pour the mixture into the mould. When cold and quite set, turn out into a silver dish, when the caramel will form a delicious sauce.

Soufflé d'Oranges

TAKE as many oranges as required, wipe them, and rasp off all the rind on ½ lb. lump sugar. Pound this and mix with it one well-beaten white of an egg to each 2 oz. sugar. Mix until like icing. Divide the oranges into quarters, dip them in sherry, then in castor sugar. Pile them high in the centre of the dish, then pour the icing over the pile. Decorate with cherries, and put a few ratafia biscuits round.

Correction

In our issue of September 10, there appeared the reproduction of a menu of a 15*s.* 6*d.* supper à choix which was described as being from Romano's Restaurant. This menu was not from Romano's, but that of a 10*s.* 6*d.* supper served at the Café Anglais, in Leicester Square.

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

Mr. Maurice White, of Pool Farm, Corsley, Wilts, receiving the £1,000 cheque which he won in the recent "B.P." Petrol Competition

Enter Rugger

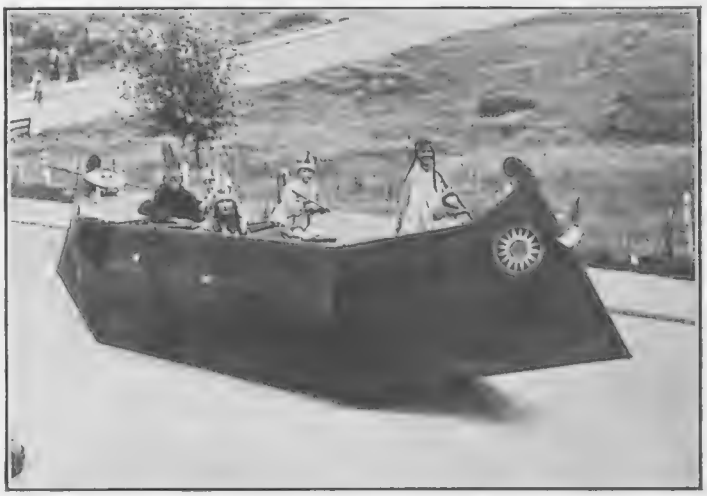
Now that the summer is at its last gasp we turn once again to football. Rugger, which has been increasing in popularity every year since the War, now covers so vast a field that, without adequate references, it is impossible for even the most enthusiastic devotee to keep track of everything of importance. However, the very modest outlay of one shilling will enable every lover of Rugby football to become au fait with all matters of interest concerning the game, for that sum will purchase "The Rugby Football Annual for 1930-31," which is published by Sporting Handbooks, Ltd., of 23, Fleet Street, E.C.4. Its many interesting features include a brief history of Rugby football, names and addresses of secretaries of National Unions and of clubs belonging to the R.F.U., a complete list of international events, University events and Public School events, together with much useful information concerning the players, past and present. Consisting of more than 270 pages, this annual will prove quite invaluable during the new Rugger season.

The "B.P." Competition

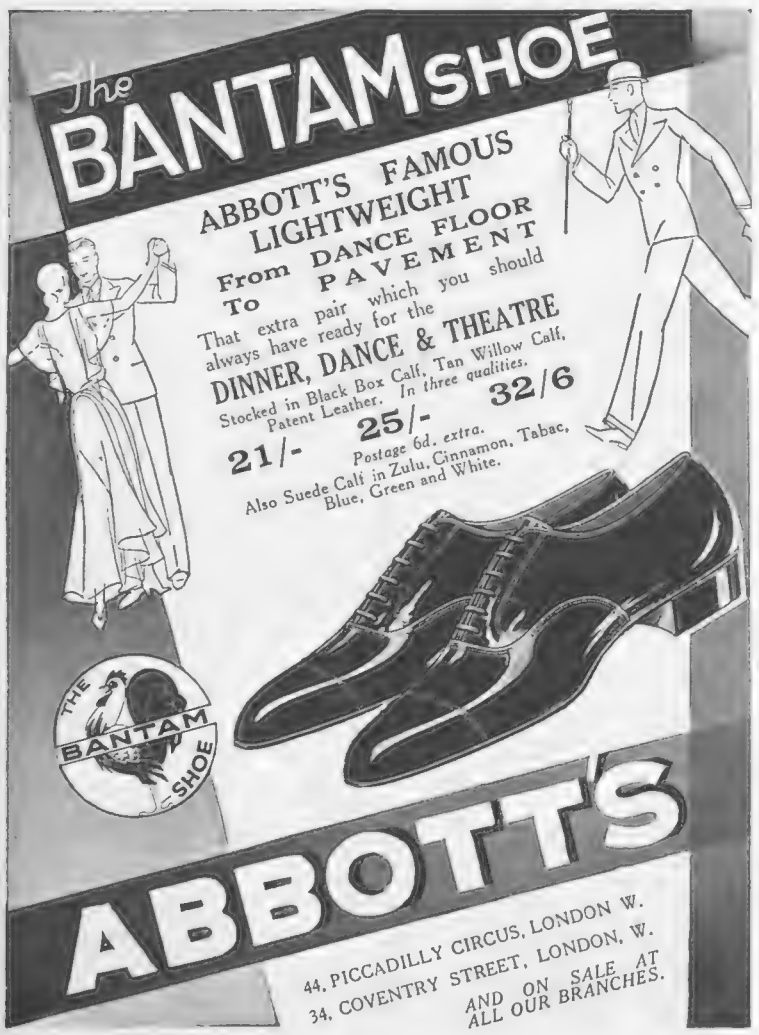
On this page we publish a photograph of the winner of the first prize of £1,000 in the recent "B.P." Competition, run by the British Petroleum Company, Ltd., receiving his cheque. This competition resulted in no fewer than 444,644 entries being received, and, in accordance with the terms of the competition, a cheque for £5,558 1s. has been sent by the company to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales's Personal Fund in aid of the British Legion, this sum representing threepence for every coupon received. Mr. Maurice White, the winner, was the only competitor to arrange the ten properties of petrol in the exact order of merit as determined by the majority vote.

A Good Run

The L.N.E.R. report that on Thursday last, August 28, the "Queen of Scots" Pullman, hauled by Atlantic engine No. 4444 (Driver W. Sparshatt and Fireman F. Beckwith), left Leeds late, and made up 20 minutes on the trip to King's Cross. The 186 miles from Leeds to King's Cross were covered in 184 minutes, and the 156 miles from Doncaster in 148 minutes, an average speed of 63.2 miles per hour. This remarkable run bears eloquent testimony to the very high state of excellence of the permanent way and to the quality of both the engines and rolling stock employed in the passenger service work between London and the North.



An Austin Twelve chassis cleverly disguised as a Red Indian war canoe. This car took the first prize at a recent carnival at Llandrindod Wells



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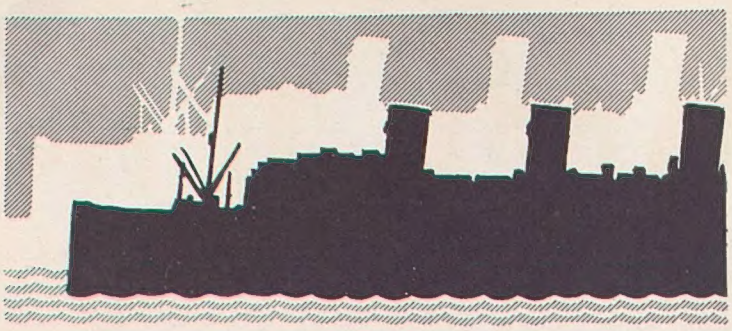

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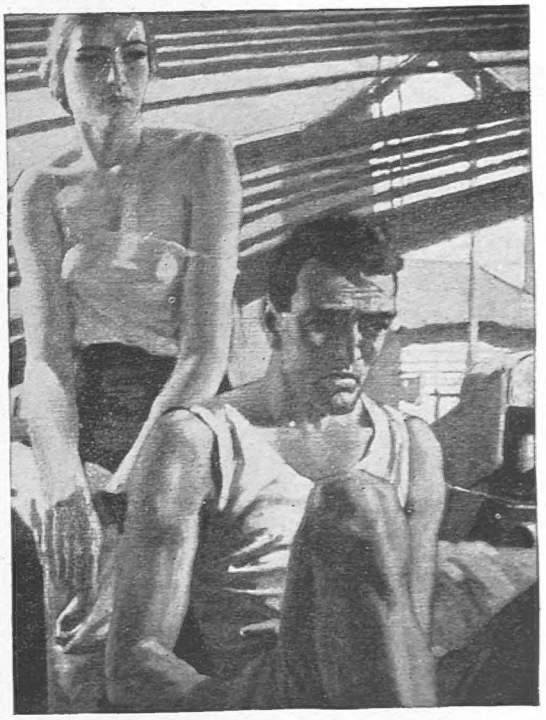

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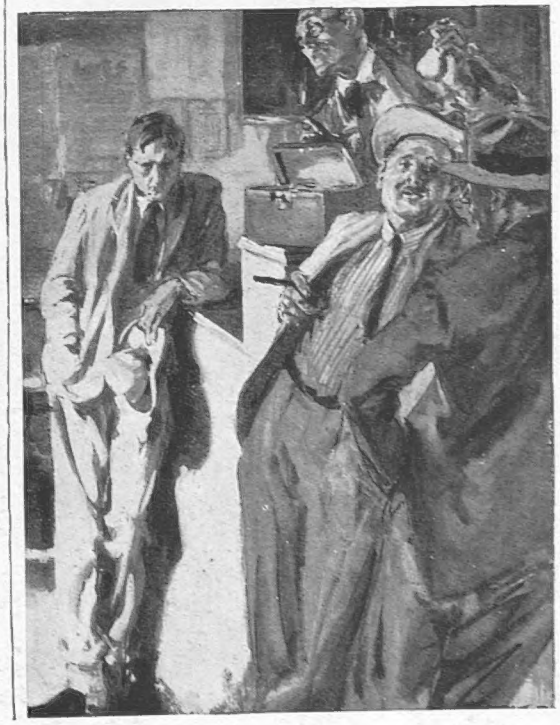

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